Cambria Freeman.

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VOLUME 6. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872. NUMBER 9.

New Advertisements.

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Cherrytree, Feb. 8, 1872.-3m.

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Principal Office 101 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.
The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country.

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To be drawn Monday, March 25th, 1872.

One Grand Capital Prize of

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Five Prizes $1,000 Each } GREENBACKS.
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Ten Prizes $100 Each }

Two Family Carriages and Matched Horses with Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $1,500.
Two Horses & Buggies, with Silver-Mounted Harnets, worth $600 each.
TWO Fine-Toned Rosewood Pianos, worth $500 each.
TEN FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, WORTH $100 EACH!
1500 *Gold and silver Lever Hunting Watches, worth from $20 to $300 each!*
Ladies' Gold Leontine and Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Solid and Double-Plated Silver Table and Teaspoons, Photograph Albums, Jewelry, &c., &c., &c.

Whole number Gifts, 10,000. Tickets Limited to 50,000!

AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be given.

SINGLE TICKETS $2; SIX TICKETS $10; TWELVE TICKETS $20; TWENTY-FIVE TICKETS $40.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

L. D. SINE, Box 86,
101 W. 5th St., CINCINNATI, O.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS!

Are requested to read the following list of

SPECIAL PRICES

in our Wholesale Department, and order accordingly.

4-4 Penn' Mill	No. 1 Sheeting,		13½ cts.
4-4 Anchor	No. 1	"	13½ "
4-4 Heavy Standard		"	11½ "
4-4 Imperial		"	10½ "
4-4 Avondale		"	9⅝ "
4-4 Red Bank, Bleached,			11½ "
4-4 Carrolton		"	11½ "
4-4 Vaughan		"	11½ "
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A large and well selected Stock of

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At less than jobbers' prices, and goods cut in lengths to suit purchasers.

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A. W. Erwin & Co.,
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PUBLIC SALE!—There will be sold at public vendue or outcry, on the premises in Munster township, on **Saturday, Mar. 23d,** inst., at 2 o'clock P. M., the following property, to wit: A CERTAIN PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in the township aforesaid, adjoining lands of Geo. Kearns, Nicholas Freidhof, Patrick Connery, John Carney, and others, containing **100 Acres,** or thereabouts, some **60 Acres of** which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story FRAME HOUSE and a LOG BARN.

Terms of Sale—One-third the purchase money to be paid at time of sale, and the balance in three equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser. PATRICK CASSIDY.

Munster Twp., March 9, 1872.-2t.

ALSO, at the same time and place, will be offered for sale, 3 FRESH MILCH COWS, 5 head YOUNG CATTLE, 1 MARE, 1 one-horse ROAD WAGON, 1 SPRING WAGON, and various other articles not necessary to mention. Terms made known at sale. A reasonable credit will be allowed. PATRICK CASSIDY.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—
Estate of PATRICK MALOY, dec'd.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the estate of Patrick Maloy, late of Ebensburg, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Cambria county. Those indebted to said estate will please make payment immediately, and parties having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARGARET GURLEY.

Ebensburg, March 2, 1872.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—
Estate of RICHARD THOMAS, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Rich'd Thomas, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

W. H. SECHLER, Executor.

Ebensburg, Feb. 17, 1872.-6t.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the manufacture of Sawed Shingles, was dissolved by mutual consent, on Feb. 24th, 1872. The books and accounts have been left in the hands of Messrs. Brumbaugh & Fogle, by whom the business will hereafter be conducted. STEPHEN CONRAD,
JOHN BRUMBAUGH,
JOSEPH FOGLE.

Chest Springs, March 9, 1872.-3t.*

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.—All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14-tf.]

HOW TO GET RICH.

Put on the airs of an eye-keyed flute,
If you're only a penny-whistle;
Pass where you can for a garden rose,
If you're only a wayside thistle.

Blow, whenever you blow your horn,
So the people can understand
That you may be sharp, but you won't be flat,
In society's great brass band.

Pass the plate or the hat in church
With the usual Sabbath air,
But move with a mild, religious squeak,
That people may know you're there.

If you carry a nose six inches long,
And a beak can scarce be longer,
Believe it a sign of perception strong,
And the longer it is the stronger.

But if in order of nasal tubes
Your organ is brief in measure,
Then, brevity being the soul of wit,
Consider your pug a treasure.

Love your neighbors—but mark the force
Of the gospel rule of grace—
The more you admire yourself, my friend,
The higher your neighbor's place.

Clink your dime in the deacon's pan
As if you were throwing gold,
And give with an eye to the business plan
Of reaping a hundred fold.

Whether your reading is little or great,
Quote right or never quote;
Polish your uppers, though down at the heel,
And never indorse a note.

Always advance best hand, best foot,
Best hand, best foot you own,
And thus you may feast on the fat of the land,
While others enjoy the bone.

THE ESCAPE ON THE ICE.

One morning early in February, 1839, two brothers, by the name of Walter and James Farnsworth, set out for a day's hunt in the forest. The stock of meat in their several families was running low, and hunting was the only resource they had in those days for replenishing it. They were accounted the best hunters, as well as Indian fighters, that there were in all the Miami country, into which they had penetrated and built their cabins some three years before the incident which we are about to relate transpired.

Many were the important services the brothers had rendered the settlers about them, until at last they came to be regarded as leaders in that district, and no enterprise was set on foot that they were not consulted about, and their views were in most cases accepted by their neighbors. Over and over again had the Indians been thwarted in their well-planned attacks upon some lone settler's cabin, through the interposition of the brothers; and many times, when the supply of food ran low in the winter time, it was their hands which had provided it, and brought joy where despair had taken up its abode.

But to come at once to the incidents of our story:

On this particular morning, as it had been arranged the night before, Walter came to the cabin of his brother, whom he found standing at the door ready for a start.

"You're a little late, Walt," he said, after he had bid his brother good morning. "I had begun to think that you had been frightened by those clouds lying away there in the south, and had given up going to day."

"I hardly knew what to do about it, I confess, James. It looked much to me like rain at daybreak, and to my mind the air feels like it now, although the sky does not. What do you say? Better risk it and go, don't you think?"

"Yes. The snow is frozen now, and, at any rate, it will be good snow-shoeing through the fore part of the day. We have little meat in the house, and Burns's folks, over yonder, have hardly a mouthful of anything. I sent Willie over there this morning with half the meat we had by us, and he said he never saw people more thankful. Burns's lameness is no better, and it ain't at all probable that he will be able to step out of doors again this winter."

"Well, if such is the case, we musn't let 'em suffer, if we have to work the harder. But let us be off. The sky is brightening off there in the south, and, after all, it may not rain or thaw much until we get back."

"I am ready, Susan," he said, addressing his wife, who at that moment came to the door, "don't be alarmed for us if we are not back until tosmorrow. We shan't come in until we have got something to repay us for our trouble."

A few more words of trifling importance passed between them; and then the brothers, turning their backs upon the cabin, in a short time had plunged into the depths of the forest, crossing the river which lay about a mile distant on the solid ice, which the recent cold weather had rendered so firm that it would have borne up any weight to which it might have been subjected.

The morning hours wore away, and noon came; still they kept on their course, and as yet they had seen nothing which would repay a shot. The weather had very much moderated since morning, and the crust which covered the snow was beginning to give way, and allow the snow-shoe to sink through in many places. The sky, which through the morning had been very bright, now grew to a dead leaden color, giving unmistakable signs that rain was coming; and if anything more was wanting to substantiate this, there was the hollow echo made by the sound of their voices, while the wind, which all through the forenoon had been in the southwest, changed to the east and blew strongly. All signs about them, in both earth and sky, gave assurance that a thaw was imminent.

Walter, as the signs of a storm began to multiply so thickly, was for turning back; but his brother objected to this move. They had come a long distance, and it would not be much longer before they would be rewarded by a sight of game, in the common run of luck, and food was so much needed at home; when, as if to give them encouragement, at this moment they espied a deer just out of rifle shot. This gave them new courage, and raised their hopes of soon being able to set their faces homeward laden with as much venison as they could carry: and they started off in pursuit at the top of their speed, which was not very swift, for the snow had thawed so much that they broke through the crust at almost every step.

The forest through which they were passing was very open: and, as a consequence, in spite of all their caution in approaching within rifle shot, the deer got wind of their approach, and throwing back its head, dashed off at full speed.

Though the hunters were disappointed in securing their game as easily as they had hoped, they had no idea of giving up the chase; and so they set off at full speed in pursuit, hoping soon to come within range. This they at last succeeded in doing, but not until two good hours more had been spent and at least three miles more put between themselves and home.

James at last succeeded in bringing his rifle to bear upon the panting animal, which had paused for a moment to recover its breath. Though usually a sure shot, he did not this time kill, and the deer merely wounded turned again to fly. Its strength lasted long enough to lead them onward for half a mile further, when it sank down, and the hunters soon put an end to its misery.

To flay the animal, and to cut it up into quarters was but a slight task for them; and by the time it was concluded the rain began to fall. By this time they began to feel the want of food; and so the snow was scraped away, a fire hastily kindled, and in a little time a nice steak was broiled.

By the time their repast was concluded the rain was pouring down in torrents. There was no time to be lost; and so they at once set their faces homeward. Besides the rain which was falling, they had another cause for uneasiness. By the signs, which they had seen for an hour past, they knew that there were enemies near at hand. Once or twice, in their pursuit of the deer, they had crossed the recently-made trail of the savages: and they knew well that if they once got upon their track that to escape would be next to impossible. The redskins, thirsting for their blood, would follow them like bloodhounds.

Owing to the warmth of the weather and the fast-falling rain, coupled with the additional weight of venison they bore, the crust of snow would no longer sustain them, and they sank through it at every step. This made their progress slow and painful; and, almost before they were aware of it, the night came down, and a darkness, so dense that they could hardly see a yard before their faces, encompassed them about.

For a while they toiled on; but at last they saw, what had been evident from the first, that they would not be able to reach home that night. So they came to a halt beneath the wide-spreading branches of a large hemlock, where they decided to encamp for the night.

At first they thought they would try and do without a fire, fearing that the savages might be attracted to them thereby; but it looked so dismal, and became so uncomfortable, that they at last decided to run the risk. After considerable trouble one was kindled, and they seated themselves about it, enjoying the cheerful warmth which it imparted to them.

An hour or so was passed in this way, and then they made preparations to get a little sleep. Some boughs were cut from the hemlock, and the water shaken from them and then dried by the fire; and of these a couch was made, upon which Walter threw himself, while his brother kept the watch until midnight, when he was to arouse himself and take his turn at standing guard.

Slowly the hours passed away, and at length midnight came. James had not closed his eyes; but no signs or sounds of danger had reached him.

It was now his turn to rest, and, arousing his brother, he threw himself in his place, and was soon sleeping heavily. He could have remained in this state but a short time—to him it seemed but a few minutes—when he was awakened by his brother, bending over him and shaking him by the shoulder.

"What is it?" he asked, starting up and springing to his feet.

"Hark! There are savages near us; they have seen our light and are about to give us a call. There!—did you not hear them breaking through the snow?"

"I heard something, but it may be a wild beast instead of a redskin. But what makes it so light? It can't be morning yet?"

"No. The moon is up. There!—are those beasts or savages? I can swear that the redskins are upon us, and more than a score in number!"

"You are right, Walt, and we must remain here no longer if we wish to keep our scalps upon our heads. Good heavens!—look yonder! They are nearer upon us than I thought."

His brother glanced in the direction from whence the sound came, and beheld, but a short distance away, a number of shadowy forms gliding amid the trees towards them. There was not a moment to lose, for to attempt to oppose them would be worse than useless; so, hastily binding on their snow-shoes, they fled away, leaving their hard-earned venison behind them.

The rain was still pouring down in torrents, and the walking was much worse than it had been when they had laid down; but they were somewhat refreshed by the rest they had had; and urged on by the danger which threatened them, they had put a considerable distance between them and their camp when the savages reached it. They knew when they reached the spot by the howl of disappointment which came to their ears when the redskins found that their prey had scented their approach and fled. A backward glance and a second shout told them that the savages were not lingering about the fire, but were coming on in fierce pursuit.

The brothers knew that the race before them was one for life or death. So they strained every nerve in the fearful ordeal before them, and with such success that they were enabled to maintain the distance between them and their pursuers, and at one time to increase it. And so the race went on, until, at length, the night was past, and the gray light of dawn began to light up the east, and lessen the shadows about them.

"We must be near the river, James, and I don't think the savages will care to follow us beyond," exclaimed Walter, who was slightly in advance, as he paused for a moment for his brother to come up.

"Heaven knows, I hope not; I cannot keep up this pace for a great while longer."

"Courage, Walter, courage! We have done too much to fail now, and fall beneath the red hands of those howling savages. Just beyond the hill yonder is the river, and once on the other side, I think we shall be safe."

"But what is that, James? I mean that roaring sound which fills the air?"

"Only the wind and rain, I think. Quick! quick! The red skins are gaining upon us."

With every nerve strained to the utmost tension, the two men sprang up the hill. The roaring sound increased in violence until it was almost deafening. The summit of the hill was gained at last; and the fugitives paused spell-bound with horror and dismay.

James was the first to speak.

"Great heaven, Walter! the river is breaking up!"

He was right. With a mighty and resistless force, the great mass of water and ice came plunging along, with a sound almost as deafening as that of thunder. The warm rain had caused the river suddenly to rise and break the armor of ice with which it was bound.

Blankly the brothers gazed in each other's faces. Death, before and behind, threatened them. They were between the upper and nether millstone, either of which would grind them to powder.

"Water is more merciful than the savages. We had better trust ourselves to it than to them," said Walter.

They sprang down the hill to the bank of the river. Just as they reached it a shout of triumph came from the throats of the savages. They had reached the summit of the hill, and beheld the wild rushing of the river, and felt assured that their pray must now fall into their hands.

"There is but one chance for us, Walter," said James, gazing into his brother's face; "and that is to trust ourselves to one of those floating cakes of ice, hoping that it may carry us to the other shore. There is a good one for our purpose passing now. Follow me. It is our only chance."

It was a fearful leap, but his feet struck the spot he intended them to, and in a moment his brother was by his side. The motion they gave the cake sent it far out into the stream, where it joined others; and they were whirled along with resistless force by the current, which, to their great joy, they found set towards the opposite shore. Several times they were in great danger of slipping into the boiling flood, but at last they reached in safety the point desired, despite their insecure footing, and the numerous shots which were fired at them by the disappointed and enraged savages.

Thankful for their almost miraculous escape, the brothers sent back an answering shout of defiance, and then hastened on to their settlement, which they reached without further adventure.

THE people of Nashville are amazed at the performance of a boy who plays one tune on the piano with his left hand, another tune with his right, whistles a third, and beats the bass drum with his toes. We are glad that this deplorable fiend lives as far away as Nashville. If he resided in our neighborhood, a profound sense of duty would impel us to cram him full of percussion caps and then drop him off a French roof upon the pavement, so as to snap that prodigy off, as it were.

A CHILD in Buffalo, the other day, tied a crape on the door knob to see if the carriage would come to take them out riding, as it did the family across the street.

[From the New York Weekly.]

THE JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.

ANIMILEOLOGY.

THE PISSMIRE.

The pissmire iz about 19 sizes bigger than the ant, aktual meazurement, and iz a kind ov bizzy loafer among bugs.

They are like sum men, alwus very bizzy about sum thing, but what it iz, the Lord only knows.

I never see a pissmire yet that wasn't on the travel, but i hav watched them all day long, and never see them git tew the place they started for.

Just before a hard shower they are in the biggest hurry, they seem tew postpone every thing for that ockashun.

Thar iz a grate difference between hurry, and dispatch, but pissmires dont seem to understand the difference.

If pissmires would go slower I should like them better, for i don't know ov enny thing more unpleasant to view, than an aktive loafer.

A pissmire iz like a boys wind mill, on the gable end ov a smoke house, in a gale, the faster it goze around, the less common sense thare seems tew be in it.

If pissmires haint got a destiny ov sum kind tew fill they wear out more shu leather than thare iz enny religion in.

THE POLE KAT.

My friend, did yu ever examin the fragrant pole kat clussly?

I guess not, they are a kritter who won't bear examining with a microskope.

They are butiful beings, but oh! how deceptive.

Their habits are phew, but unique.

They build their houses out ov earth and the houses hav but one door tew them, and that iz a front door.

When they enter their houses they don't shut the door after them.

They are called pole kats bekause it iz not convenient tew kill them with a klub, but with a pole, and the longer the pole the more convenient.

Writers on natral history, dissagree about the right length ov the pole tew be used, but I would suggest, that the pole be about 365 feet, espeshily if the wind iz in favor ov the pole kat.

When a pole kat iz suddenly walloped with a long pole, the first thing that he, she, or it, duz, iz tew embalm the air, for menny miles in diameter, with an akrimonious ollfaktory refreshment, which permeates the ethereal fluid, with an entirely original smell.

This smell iz less popular, in the fashionable world, than lubins extrakt, but the day may cum, when it will be bottled up, like musk, and sold for 87 1-2 cents per bottle; bottles small at that.

A pole kat will remove the filling from a hens egg, without braking a hole in the shell, bigger than a marrow fat pea.

How this iz did, historians hav left us to doubt.

This iz vulgarily called "surking eggs."

This iz an accomplishment known amung humans, which it iz sed, they hav learnt from the pole kats.

Pole kats also deal in chickens, yung turkeys, and yung goslins.

They won't tutch an old goose, they are sound on that question.

Man iz the only phellow who will attempt tew bight into an old goose, and his teeth fly oph a grate menny times before he loosens enny ov the meat.

A pole kat travels under an alias, which is called *skunk*. Thare iz a grate menny *aliases* that thare iz no accounting for, and this iz one ov them.

I hav kaught skunks in a trap. They are eazier tew git into a trap than tew git out ov it.

In taking them out ov a trap grate judgement must be had not tew shake them up; the more yu shake them up the more ambrosial they am.

One pole kat in a township is enuff, espeshily if the wind changes once in a while.

A pole kats skin iz wuth 2 dollars, in market, after it iz skinned, but it iz wuth 3 dollars and fifty cents tew skin him.

This iz one way tew make 12 shillings, in a wet day.

THE WEAZEL.

The weazel haz an eye like a hawk, and a tooth like a pickerel.

They kan see on all three sides of a right angle tri angle board fence, at once, and kan bite thru a side ov sole leather.

They alwus sleep with one eye open, and the other on the wink, and are quicker than spirits ov turpentine, and a lighted match.

It iz no disgrace for a streak ov litening tew strike at a weazel and miss him.

If I owned a weazle, litening mite strike at him all day for 50 cents a clap.

I hav tried tew kill them in a stun wall with a rifle, but they would dodge the ball, when it got within six inches ov them, and stick their heads out ov another krack, three feet further oph.

They are the hardest kritter amung the small game tew ketch or tew kill, yu kant coax one into a trap, and keep him thare, enny more than yu could ketch a ray ov light, with a a knot hole.

Weazles are skarse, but the supply alwus equals the demand, they aint useful only for one thing, and that iz, too kill chickens.

They will kill 14 chickens in one night, and take off the blood with them, leaving the corpse behind.

I hunted 3 weeks for a weazle once (it iz now six years ago,) and knu just whare he waz all the time, and haint got him yet.

I offered 10 dollars reward for him, and hold the stakes yet.

Every boy in that naborhood waz after that weazle nite and day, and I had tew withdraw the reward to keep from breaking up the district skool.

The skoolmaster threatened tew su me if i didn't, and i did it, for i hate a law suit rather wuss than i do a weazle.

A weazle's skin, wore on the neck, it iz sed, will kure the quinsy sore throt, but the phellew who sed this had a sure thing; he knu nobody could ketch the weazle.

I waz told, when i waz a boy, by a cunning cuss, that the way tew ketch a crow waz tew put sum salt on his tail. I prakticed all one summer on this, but never got sum crow.

I hav did things az foolish az this since i hav quit being a boy, but prefer tew keep mum what they are.

Weazles hav got no wisdum, but hav got what iz sumtimes mistaken for it, they hav got cunning.

Cunning stands in the same relashun tew wisdum that a tadpole duz tew a frog, he may git tew be a frog if he keeps on growing, but he aint one now.

Wisdum knows how tew jump, but about the best thing that cunning can do iz tew wiggle.

I hav saw cunning men who thought they waz wize, but i never saw a wise man who thought he waz cunning.

MULE-ISHNESS.

Experiments in the use of projectiles are continually being reported, but the following, we think, will be found new:

Out in a certain western fort some time ago, the Major conceived the idea that artilliery might be used effectively in fighting with the Indians by dispensing with gun-carriages and fastening the cannon upon backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointing toward the tail. When they had secured the gun, and loaded it with ball cartridge, they led that calm and steadfast mule out on the bluff and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff.

The officers stood around in a semicircle, while the Major went up and inserted a time fuze in the touch-hole of the howitzer. When the fuze was ready the Major lit it and retired. In a moment or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back there on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head around to ascertain what was going on, and, as he did so, his body turned and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity grew more and more intense, and in a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions a minute, and the howitzer, understand, threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile.

The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; the lieutenants were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet, and the major rolled over the ground and groaned. In two or three minutes there was a puff of smoke, a dull thud, and the mule—oh! where was he? A solitary jackass might have been seen turning successive back somersaults over the bluff, only to rest anchor, finally, with his howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarters, rattled the *adobe* bricks down into the parlor, and frightened the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the results of the experiment has ever been sent to the War Department.

GREELEY ON THE CASTOR BEAN.—Horace Greeley says that castor beans may be cast or not, whichever you like. The foundry at which he gets his seed is the best. If the nest-egg has been cracked by frost, the beans are apt to sprout and shrink, which is not the case with oats or hay when properly ground. Sawdust manure has been found to contain too much heat for the ordinary castor, dried glass from fractured lanterns being the proper restorative where the bean is to be hastened. Pull off your boots while cultivating. No rain water should be allowed to settle on the vines during wet weather.

A PROMINENT CITIZEN of Norristown, approaching his sleeping apartment a few nights since, at a late hour, gently tapped at the door. "Who is it?" inquired his better half, to which very proper interrogatory the heartless man replied by asking: "Whom do you expect to see at this hour?"

AN exchange, says the Louisville Ledger, describing a fashionable party, speaks of a gallant who whispered to a lady "and took her apart." It is not a very difficult feat to "take a lady apart" these times, but there is very little left of her afterward.

WHAT is the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar? The one issues manifestoes, and the other manifests toes without his shoes.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : March 23, 1872.

Democratic State Convention.

Pursuant to a resolution of the Democratic State Executive Committee this day adopted, a Democratic State Convention in numbers equal to the representation in both houses of the Legislature, is hereby called to meet in Reading, Pa., on Thursday, May 30th, 1872, at 11 o'clock A. M., to nominate candidates for Governor, Judge of the Supreme Court, and (should the Legislature so determine) for Auditor General and delegates at large to the Constitutional Convention, and also to form an electoral ticket and select senatorial and representative delegates to represent the State in the Democratic National Convention.

By order of the Executive Committee.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, *Chairman.*

Attest—WM. M'CLELLAND, *Secretary.*

Harrisburg, Feb. 15, 1872.

A JOINT RESOLUTION passed the Senate and House of Representatives on Tuesday last extending the time for final adjournment until Thursday, April 4th.

NEVER before in our national history were the corruptions of Federal officials so glaring and universal. Twenty five years ago a defalcation of a thousand dollars on the part of an official, endorsed by the political party to which he belonged, would have doomed that party to defeat. To-day, when Grant's office holders have stolen more than a hundred millions from the tax-payers, the managers of the radical party turn up their noses and ask of the people: "What are you going to do about it?"

IT is said that the notorious Pete Herdic, of Williamsport, owns a majority of the members of the present House of Representatives. This allegation is based on the fact that a short time ago he came to Harrisburg, as he has often done before, well supplied with greenbacks, and at a Monday night's session succeeded, after a struggle lasting until midnight, in defeating a bill reducing the price of boomage at the Williamsport boom, in which he is a heavy stockholder. The bill was designed to protect the lumbermen from the rapacity of Herdic and his associates, and ought to have passed without a contest, but Herdic has a monopoly of the boom business, which is a big thing to him personally, and his money proved more potent with rural legislators than the just demauds of the hard workers in the forest who sought to be released from the oppressive tyranny of his boom exactions.

SINCE Grant's home supply of brothers-in-law has been exhausted, he has turned his attention to the brothers-in law of those who swear by his administration. The house of Butler is now the fortunate recipient of executive favor, Grant having just appointed one Parker, who is the brother-in law of the immaculate Benjamin F. Butler, to the office of Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans, made vacant by the resignation of Gen. James Longsreet. One would suppose that the appointment two years ago by the same U. S. Grant of a *nephew* of Ben. Butler's as Consul General at Alexandria, in Egypt, and in which he has brought deep disgrace upon himself and his country, would have satisfied Presidential experiments in that direction. Parker's merits and eminent qualifications for the office have been set forth briefly but comprehensively by Governor Warmouth of Louisana, who says that "Parker is the most accomplshed liar and the greatest blackguard in New Orleans."

IN reading the proceedings of the Legislature, it is very amusing to watch the changing forms assumed by the Constitutional Convention bill in its various flights between the two Houses. We have already explained the provisions of the bill as it originally passed the House. When it was afterwards taken up in the Senate it was radically changed. When it left the Senate and went back to the House, it provided for the election of the delegates on the second Tuesday of October next and the Convention to meet on the 12th of November. The number of members was fixed at 158, to be elected in the following manner: Twenty delegates at large, each elector to vote for *ten—four* delegates from each Senatorial District, making 132, each elector to vote for *two* —and *six* additional delegates from the city of Philadelphia, each elector to vote for *three*. It will be seen at a glance that under this plan the Convention would consist of an *equal* number of members of each political party. We can conceive of no objection to this arrangement, but the House, in its exercise of that profound wisdom for which it is so distinguished, refused to concur and sent the bill back to the Senate. It was again taken up in that branch on Tuesday last, when an attempt was made, by a radical member of course, to entirely undo what the Senate had so well done before. The bill was then postponed until Thursday, but what was done with it then we are unable at this writing to say. To the average mind it would seem to be an easy task, a decent regard being had for public opinion, for the Legislature to perfect a bill of this character. It would be so had not Providence in its inscrutable ways, once more inflicted upon the State a House of Representatives which, for stupidity, ignorance and venality, has seldom been equalled and never surpassed. We must therefore possess our souls in patience and calmly await the final result.

The Apportionment Bill.

Whenever a dominant party so exercises its power as to trample upon and crush out the just and admitted political rights of its opponents, it deserves nothing but unmixed execration. Where the provocation is great, the resentment is usually violent. It is therefore difficult to use the language of moderation and propriety in referring to the Congressional Apportionment bill which passed the lower branch of the Legislature last week. Under the late census this State is entitled to twenty-six members of Congress. No man who is familiar with the relative strength of parties in Pennsylvania will place the radical majority of more than *fifteen* thousand, and that being the case, a fair and honest apportionment bill would give the republicans at the very outside *fourteen* members and the democrats *twelve*.—Against this equitable proposition no valid objection can be urged. But the present bill, as it passed the House, gives the republicans *seventeen* districts and the democrats *nine*, being a radical majority of *eight* in the entire delegation, Whom do these eight members represent? Why simply the radical majority in the State which we have assumed to be fifteen thousand, which represent a population of ninety thousand. Is that honest? is it fair? and can any man who has a political conscience at all stand up and defend the infamy? And yet it has been done and by men too who took an oath to discharge their duties faithfully and honestly. The ratio for a member under the late census is 135,453. At the last Presidential election, in Philadelphia Grant received 60,985 votes and Seymour 55,173. This bill so manipulates the *five* districts into which that city is divided as to insure the election of *four* radicals and *one* democrat. In Philadelphia, therefore, it comes down to this, that while it takes 55,173 democratic votes to elect *one* member of Congress, 60,985 radical votes can elect *four*; or, to state it differently, while 55,173 democratic voters can only send *one* man to Congress, 15,246 radical voters *can do the same thing*. This is a monstrous outrage, not capable of being defended or explained away, and we are not afraid to assert that every man who voted for it deliberately violated his oath of office and committed moral perjury.

The iniquities of this bill are also apparent from the manner in which it unites two or more democratic counties giving heavy majorities and assigns to them one member with a large surplus over the required ratio, and on the other hand gives to two or more republican counties a member on an equally large deficiency. Take for example the following instances of democratic districts:

	Population.
Sixth District—Bucks and Montgomery	145,948
Seventh District—Berks and Lehigh	163,497
Eighth District—Northampton, Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne	149,562
Sixteenth District—York, Cumberland and Adams	150,561

Now look at the following republican districts:

	Population.
Ninth District—Delaware and Chester	117,208
Twelfth District—Lycoming, Cameron, Potter, Tioga and McKean	107,086
Twenty-fourth District—Washington, Beaver and Butler	121,141

It may be here stated that when the bill was before the House a democratic member proposed to amend it, so as to give the republicans *fourteen* members and the democrats *twelve*, but the proposition was promptly rejected by the radical majority. Every sense of honor and decency appeals to the Senate, in which justice and fair play yet exercise their legitimate power, to interpose its arm and prevent the consummation of this most foul and unmitigated wrong.

For this bill Samuel Henry, who *misrepresents* the democracy of Cambria county, voted in all the different stages of its infamy. Every amendment, every alteration of it, so as to do simple justice to the democratic party, met with his uncompromising opposition. A legislative club having been placed in his hands by the aid of democratic votes, he wielded it, not in the cause of justice and moderation, but for the deliberate purpose of knocking out the political brains of the men who placed him where he is. Not only this, but he tramples upon the acknowledged rights of one-fourth of the democracy of the entire State and makes of them a pleasing and acceptable sacrifice on the altar of radicalism. Figs will not grow on thistles, neither will grapes flourish on thorn bushes, and the whole course of Mr. Henry on this bill has only strengthened our conviction, heretofore expressed, that democrats have no political rights which he feels himself bound to respect.

THE AUDITOR-GENERAL.—Mr. Brigham, who was appointed by Governor Geary to take the place made vacant by the death of Dr. Stanton, Auditor-General elect, has declined the proffered honor. In doing so he says that his position at the head of a prominent Republican journal, (the Pittsburgh *Commercial*,) quite satisfies his ambition, and that he feels that he ought to accept no position which might, under any circumstances, interfere with the free discharge of his duties as a journalist. What would have been the action of the legislature if Mr. Brigham had not declined, must remain in mere conjecture. On receipt of the news that he had refused the appointment, the Senate promptly passed a bill continuing General Hartranft in office, and providing for the election of a successor in October.

GEN. JOHN F. HARTRANFT, the present Auditor General of the State, is a prominent candidate for the radical nomination for Governor. He is understood to represent the corrupt er Cameron ring, of the "God and morality" party, and for that reason his partisans express the utmost confidence in his success before the nominating convention. Since the robbery of George O. Evans became known and has been publicly exposed, Hartranft's name has been unfavorably connected with the swindle. Whether he is guilty or innocent is not certainly known, but that a vast amount of suspicion attaches to him is very manifest. His financial operations also with C. T. Yerkes, jr, once a Philadelphia broker, but now an inmate of the Eastern Penitentiary, have not been regarded as legitimate and have still further tended to compromise his character for official purity and integrity. If there is any truth in the following affidavit, made by Yerkes last December, but only recently published, Hartranft would more completely represent the rottenness and debauchery of Grantism in this State as its chosen candidate for Governor, than any other man whose name has been mentioned in connection with the office:

Charles T. Yerkes, jr., of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say, that for some years past he has been acquainted with J. F. Hartranft, auditor general of the state of Pennsylvania; that he has at various times purchased and sold stocks of different kinds, and carried the same, with money belonging to the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which the same J. F. Hartranft had caused to be deposited with this deponent by the state treasurer.

That this deponent did pay to J. F. Hartranft, auditor general, on the 10th of December, 1870, the sum of two thousand seven hundred dollars, which sum was derived from profits on purchases of loans of the commonwealth and sales of the same to the sinking fund, which sale was made on the 29th of April, 1870. That said deponent has also paid to said J. F. Hartranft various amounts of money for profits arising from stock speculations with money deposited with this deponent by the state treasurer at the instance of the said Hartranft.

C. T. YERKES, Jr.

Sworn and subscribed before me the 23d day of December, A. D. 1871.

{SEAL} WM. W. DOUGHERTY, Alderman, 406 Walnut St., Philad'a.

UNDERGROUND RIVER.—The Crawford County (Ind.) *Democrat*, gives the following on the authority of "one of the best citizens of the county":

"Two men named John E. Stanley and Frederick Henniger, were employed to dig a well on the farm of Benjamin Ellis, who resides in Washington county near the line of Harrison and Washington counties. They had proceeded but a short distance, when they encountered a bed of loose 'nigger head' rocks, which, upon being broken open were found to contain water and other substances, supposed to be ore of some kind. When they reached the depth of sixty feet from the surface, they came to a large cave, which they followed a distance of ten or twelve feet, when there before their gaze was a beautiful river of clear water, which upon examination was found to contain an innumerable number of small white fish. Upon a closer examination, it was found to be sixteen feet wide and five feet in depth, and as clear as spring water. As an experiment, a lighted candle was placed upon a small piece of plank and set afloat. It started off in the darkness with the current, and was soon lost to sight. Several persons have visited this great curiosity, and many were the conjectures as to where the water came from and where it went, but nothing satisfactory could be learned."

THE VOTES OF THE SOUTH MUST BE COUNTED.—The Chicago *Tribune* warns Grant against any attempt to play over again the game which was attempted in the last presidential election, when it was decided that the electoral vote of Georgia should be thrown out if it would effect the result and counted if it would not do so. It says "reconstruction business is at an end. Let us hear nothing of rejecting the votes of States at the next election. When the votes of the people and the States are cast, the attempt to set aside that verdict would raise a whirlwind such as no ordinary power could allay." That Grant would be willing to risk a revolution rather than give up the position which he has managed to make a source of enormous profit to himself and family, we have no doubt. He must be overwhelmingly beaten A crushing defeat will put an end to all ideas of military usurpation and will restore the country to the peaceful sway of civil rule once more.

THE MCCLURE-GRAY CONTEST.—The Philadelphia *Inquirer* in speaking of the M'Clure-Gray contest, says: "So far the testimony Gray has offered is decidedly frivolous and does not reach any vital point in the case. To call election officers upon whom palpable fraud had been proved, and policemen who were implicated in wanton violence at the polls by direct testimony to exculpate themselves, is a confession of weakness that a court would doubtless rebuke; and the attempt to hold a second election in a division where no election was held on the day appointed, is worse than trifling with the time of a Senate committee. If Mr. Gray has testimony to prove frauds on the part of his opponent or his friends, let the committee and the public have it at once, or let the farce end by a manly surrender to what all fair men must accept as inevitable.

PETROLEUM FIRE IN SMELTING.—Experiments with petroleum as a fuel in smelting have been tried in St. Louis, with very gratifying results. A lot of pig iron, which had been smelted with Illinois coal and had proved almost worthless, was treated with petroleum fire, and in a single hour was converted into iron of the finest quality, closely resembling steel. Common mountain pig iron, it is claimed, may, by a single application of petroleum fire in the puddling furnace, be made into the best flanga boiler iron. These experiments were made with temporary apparatus, and under embarrassments not calculated to develope their full value.

BURIAL PLACE OF ST. PATRICK.—Saint Patrick was buried at Downpatrick, and the present ancient cathedral at that town is said to have been erected on the site of his grave. The tradition is that St. Bridget, of Kildare, and St. Columba Cilla (pronounced "Kill") were buried in the same grave with St. Patrick, and the following translated couplet is still extant:

"Three saints' bodies this grave do fill—
Bridget, Patrick and Columba Cilla."

The further tradition is that after several centuries the right hand of the great Irish apostle was found in an upright position over the grave; that it was placed in a silver shrine, and a church, yet standing on a neighboring hill, was forthwith erected, where the shrine containing the hand was deposited, where they remain to this day. There is an extremely interesting and, up to the present moment, an unexplained natural (it may be so called) curiosity to be seen at this church, which in 1849 was in good preservation, as the writer saw it that year. The church stands on an elevation some twenty or thirty perches from the high road leading from Newry to Downpatrick, and as one approaches from either side there appears a wall which takes the most serpentine curves imaginable, but when you come up to the end of it on the road it is as straight as an arrow.

Many reasons are given for this strange and beautiful phenomenon, but none are satisfactory. While on the subject of St. Patrick we may state that the late Very Rev. Monsignor John Hamilton, D. D., archbishop of Dublin, and parish priest of St. Michael's in that city, published in a very handsome pamphlet an exceedingly interesting document entitled the "Confession of St. Patrick," translated from a Latin MS over one thousand years old. It was printed by O'Reily, Chapel street, Dublin, and contains many most interesting and little known particulars about our great saint. The pamphlet is rare, but not yet scarce.

SOME months ago in Clark county, Ind., a family of the name of Park were murdered under circumstances of great atrocity, and shortly afterward three negroes, who were in custody on suspicion of having perpetrated the murder, were taken from prison and hanged by a mob. One of the negroes, Squire Taylor, was horribly burned and tortured before hanging It has frequently been asserted that the negroes who suffered at the hands of the mob were entirely innocent of the crime with which they were charged, and it has been thought that certain white men who took part in the lynching were really the murderers in the first instance.—Government detectives have for some time been engaged in investigating this matter, and, it is said, have made some surprizing discoveries implicating in the affair a number of persons in Clark county who have been regarded as religious men and good citizens. The Louisville *Ledger* says that one of the sons of Taylor is about to bring suit against the Sheriff of Clark county for damages in the sum of $25,000, claiming that his father came to his death in consequence of the Sheriff having failed to use proper diligence for his protection, and that this neglect was intentional, in as much as the Sheriff had been notified that there was great danger that the jail would be attacked, but refused to provide a suitable guard. It is probable that this suit will lead to positive disclosures respecting one of the most shocking crimes that have ever disgraced a community assuming to be civilized.

FIGHT WITH A NEGRO DESPERADO—TWO KILLED AND FOUR WOUNDED.—*Memphis, March* 18.—A desperate fight occurred on President's Island, a few miles below this city, yesterday. Deputy Sheriff F. Rodegau went there for the purpose of arresting a negro named John White, who for some time has been the terror of the negroes living there. Rodegan was met by a large body of armed negroes, who proposed to assist in the arrest, but they stated that White had barricaded his cabin and would make a desperate fight. Rodegan approached the cabin and demanded the surrender of White, who refused. After some further parleying, one of the negroes approached the cabin, and was shot dead by White, who rushed out and secured his gun. In a few minutes he shot another and secured his gun, but was wounded as he retreated to his cabin. White then opened a sharp fire, wounding four others. Rodegan seeing it was impossible to dislodge him, sent to the city for assistance. Deputy Sheriff Mike Payne summoned a posse and went over, and proceeded to take measures to burn White's cabin. White then surrendered, but after his arrest it was with great difficulty that the negroes were kept from shooting him, they even threatening to shoot the officers if he was not delivered to them. White was brought to this city and lodged in jail. The prisoner has served a regular term in the Third Cavalry, and, it is said, has killed several men before.

BARNUM'S RIDING GOAT "ALEXIS."—P. T. Barnum bears the world in producing novelties. The last sensation we have heard of, is the training and education, in Cairo, Egypt, of a beautiful Circassian Goat. This animal rides on horse-back, jumps through hoops, over garters and banners, and otherwise performs all the most difficult feats of the accomplished equestrian.

We always knew that Phineas was skilled in zoology, entomology, ornithology, anthropology—in fact all the "ologies," including that of (the famous Jerome) *chronology*, but we had no idea that he would ever be able to add to his vocabulary that of *goatology*.

Barnum has done wonders to elevate the standard of the once beautiful and health-giving equestrian art—perhaps he can succeed better with the *genus capricornus* than that of the *genus homo*. At all events the riding goat belonging to his great show, which made his *debut* at Niblo's last night, is the rarest novelty ever introduced to a New York audience. We congratulate our country cousins on the opportunity they will enjoy this season of watching the "capers" of this distinguished equestrian Caper, as it constitutes one of the many leading features of Barnum's Great Moral Exhibition. We don't know which will create the greatest *furore*, the Fiji Cannibals, the Giraffe, the Sea Lions, the Automatons, or this Riding Goat.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE Scranton, Pa., *Times* has an account of a great excitement among the Knights of Pythias. A nice-looking person, young and genteel, came to that place a few months ago, giving the name of Francis Williams. He became acquainted at the boarding-house with several members of the Knights of Pythias Lodge, and finally expressed his desire to join. He was proposed, went through the usual routine, was elected, received the Page's degree, and was duly prepared for the third or Knight's degree, but in a certain part of the work an accident disclosed to all of the officers present that they had been initiating and giving the degrees of the Order to a *woman!* The members were startled and nonplussed, and for a long while silence reigned. No one knew what to do. It was finally agreed that she should be kept under supervision until the Worthy Grand Chancellor be heard from.

News of the Week.

—Indiana now produces glass which rivals that of France.

—There have been 257 Popes from St. Peter to Pius IX.

—Alligators run races with railway trains on the Panama railway.

—Portland has had seventy days of continued sleighing this season.

—A bed of meerschaum clay has been discovered near Taylor, Mich.

—An old woman, for selling shoestrings without a license, was fined $2 and costs in Boston.

—A "girl" died recently at Portsmouth, N. H., who had been in service in one family sixty nine years.

—A bill granting Paul Schoeppe a new trial has passed the Senate, and been favorably reported from the House committee.

—There are said to be eight hundred different washing machines patented at Washington, three-quarters being of New England origin.

—One hundred and fifty million feet of lumber will be driven out of Bennett's branch and Trout run, Clinton county, this season.

—On the 9th inst. a cog-wheel broke in the Allentown Rolling Mill, which will cause a stoppage in the manufacture of rails in that mill for several weeks.

—A man who left Oskaloosa, Io., recently for Colorado; paid for the local Herald of five years in advance. There is no other case of the kind on record.

—Goshen, Ind., has a woman who hangs around the railroad depot, looking for newly married couples, to whom she endeavors to sell a patent bed-spring. She is always successful.

—Senator Sumner privately denounces Grant as "ignorant and dishonest" Greeley in private conversation never speaks of Grant except as the "drunken tanner from Galena."

—A Reading carpenter has made a bid for fame by carving a complete "tea set"—plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, cream mug, sugar bowl, teapot, etc.—out of peach stones.

—Jacob Bender, residing in Swatara township, Dauphin county, committed suicide by shooting himself in the breast during Saturday or Sunday night. Deceased was subject to weak-mindedness.

—The election of a State Senator for the Fifth District on the the 15th inst., to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Evans, resulted in the return of Waddell, Republican, by 700 majority.

—Queen Victoria has presented her groom John Brown, with a gold medal, and has granted him an annuity of £25, in recognition of his promptness in arresting O'Connor when he assaulted her Majesty.

—A thoughtful Connecticut widow has had a mourning ring made of the gold fillings in her deceased husband's teeth, thinking it wasteful to let the precious metal be worn out in post mortem gnashing.

—The Dixon (Ill.) Telegraph says that a German family, consisting of a father, mother, and two children, have all died in Reynolds township, Lee county, *of trichinae spiralis*. They were in the habit of eating raw pork.

—The Democracy of Armstrong county have chosen E. S Golden, to represent them in the Reading Convention, and Grier C. Orr, Esq., Clarion, Forrest and Jefferson concurring, as the Senatorial Delegate; no instructions.

—Mr. Wm. S. Black, editor of the *Gazette and Democrat*, New Castle, Pa., was elected Mayor of that city on Friday last by 139 majority over Carpenter, Republican. This is a healthy sign for the Democracy in the strong Radical county of Lawrence.

—The small pox at present in Philadelphia is said to be the most general, fatal and long continued epidemic that has ever visited the Quaker city. More than two hundred deaths per week have filled the bills of mortality, and the cry is, still they go.

—Senator Morton, chief spokesman for Grant's administration, has introduced an amnesty bill in the United States Senate. Morton knows that Sumner's Civil Rights amendment will be tacked on to the bill and that the measure will thus be killed. Liberal Morton!

—We learn, says the Lynchburg News, that W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of Washington, has purchased the "Howard library" of thirty-six hundred volumes, and presented it to the Washington and Lee University. It is the most valuable classical collection in the State of Virginia.

—The Valley Echo states that "Mrs. Samuel Kuhn, of Antrim township, gave birth to a male child, a few weeks since, that weighed *three and three-quarters* pounds only. The child is perfectly formed and in the best of health. Commodore Foote will have to look out for his laurels."

—Seth Wilbur Paine, the editor of a little newspaper published in Utica, called the *Bee*, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment at hard labor in the Albany Penitentiary for a libel on Judge Doolittle, in connection with the recent shooting of a man by a woman in a street car in that city.

—The jail at Palmyra, Missouri, was broken open on Tuesday night, and all the prisoners escaped but one, who refused to leave. Among those who escaped is Ambrose Coe, who, last summer, murdered Miss Abbie Summers, formerly of Quincy, Ill. It is believed Coe's friends were instrumental in the escape.

—Mr. Sumner must exert himself in behalf of the man and brother. A prejudiced Democratic officer at Shelby, Ohio, recently arrested two colored citizens and hustled them off to jail. And they had done nothing, absolutely nothing, except smash the skull and cut the throat of an old man, named James M'Neale.

—Long Island has a *lusus naturae* in the shape of a child with an alligator's head. The mother of the monstrosity, a Florida lady, is dead, and the infant is not likely to survive her long. The time when the mother left the everglades of Florida and the particulars of the child's paternity have not been communicated to the press.

—The New York *Tribune* does not think that the result of the New Hampshire election was such a great Republican victory after all, that it should be crowed over. It thinks that a State which has gone Republican for seventeen years, with one exception, ought to go Republican on the eighteenth year, unless the party is very rotten.

—A drunken man, a blacksmith, named Jos. Nelson, living twelve miles north of Sedalia, Mo., shot and killed his wife on Sunday, and then shot himself, inflicting a very dangerous wound. He was arrested and locked up. His wife had been forced to leave him in consequence of cruel treatment, and because she would not return and live with him he shot her.

—A little girl, named Morrison, went into her father's barn at Chester, N. Y., on Monday last, to hunt for hen's eggs. A rough board partition separared the haymow from the other part of the barn. She stepped on the end of a board which projected over a beam, and put her head through a hole in the partition to look into a nest. The board tipped and fell to the floor below, leaving the girl hanging by her neck from the opening in the partition. She was strangled to death.

—A young man, named Somers, and a girl, named Lanquard, were run over by a train, near Zanesville, Ohio, on Thursday night, and Somers was instantly killed.—They were "sitting on the track talking."

—The Pittsburg *Dispatch* (Radical), says that General Hartranft will not do for governer, on account of the developments in the Evans matter; that Colonel Jordan's show is still worse, and as for Harry White, he has *libeled* himself outside of all probabilities of a nomination. Either of these, says the *Dispatch*, would be badly beaten before the people, but that Ketchum or Morrell might win.

—Nearly the entire business portion of the town of Laurel, Indiana, was destroyed by fire on Monday night last. The jail and other buildings were badly damaged, and both hotels and a printing office are entirely destroyed. Fifteen houses were burned to the ground, besides a number of stables and sheds. But four of the houses were insured, and it is impossible to estimate the loss at present, but it will probably reach $150 000.

—People are continually on the lookout for strange freaks of the weather, and every now and then, when in a doubtful condition of mind and body, somebody thinks he has made a wonderful meteorological discovery. A person down in Virginia, comes out now with a story of a shower of rain from a cloudless sky while the stars were shining in every part of the heavens. Now, we are inclined to believe that either that rain or those stars were wholly imaginary, or the gentleman had been smoking a "strong" cigar.

—On Wednesday evening week, while a freight train on the Cumberland Valley R R. was passing through Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, a boy named Zachariah, aged about fourteen years, attempted to jump upon the moving cars. His hold giving way, he fell down upon the track and ten cars passed over his legs, severing the right leg below the knee and crushing the left above the ankle. Both of his legs were amputated—one above the knee and the other below. The boy was still living at last accounts.

—The controversy which for some time has raged in the oil regions, between the producers and carriers, has resulted in a close combination of the former, called the "Petroleum Producers' Association." It divides the oil regions into sixteen districts, and pledges the producers to sell all their oil through the hands of a committee, to be chosen by them in each district. This plan of action will bring the carriers and the refiners to terms, and, as it takes the control of the business out of the hands of middlemen, ought to be satisfactory to consumers.

—The large clock at the English Parliament house is the largest one in the world. The four dials of this clock are each 22 feet in diameter. Every half minute the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, but it only strikes seven and a half, thus indicating any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding up of the striking mechanism takes two hours. The pendulum is 15 feet long; the wheels are of cast iron; the hour bell is 8 feet high and 9 feet in diameter, weighing nearly 15 tons, and the hammer alone weighs more than 400 pounds.

A SICKENING TRAGEDY.—On Friday, the 1st inst. Mrs. Sarah Meyers, wife of Theodore Meyers, living at Brown's Mill on Bennett's Branch, about six miles up from Driftwood, killed her infant son aged nine months by roasting and boiling him alive. It appears that on Friday Mrs. Meyers went out to one of her neighbors and on returning to the house she picked up the youngest child and put him on the hot stove, after holding him there a moment she took him up and put him into a large dish of boiling apple sauce, crowded the babe down into the dish and held him there, she then turned the child over and pushed him into the boiling sauce again thus boiling him on both sides. The other children scared by the screams of their little brother, ran to the mill and told the men at work there what their mother was doing, and they hurried to the house as fast as possible, but not in time to save the life of the child. It had been literally roasted and boiled alive before medical aid could be obtained. It is alleged that Mrs. Meyers is subject to fits of insanity, and that it was while she was in one of these fits that she committed this unnatural and horrible deed. We have not heard that any inquest has yet been held or arrest made. The authorities should investigate the affair at once.—*Cameron Herald.*

BRONCHIAL CONSUMPTION.—This is a form of consumption usually of easy remedy by means of DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE, which, whilst it eliminates the mucous and phlegm from the throat, heals the membrane and allays that morbid irritability which produces such harrassing coughing, and when the disease involves the larynx, hoarseness and pain in the throat. Reader, if you value your health and life, do not allow such a condition to go on until it has attacked the lungs when it will not be easily cured. Begin in time. Then a few bottles of DR KEYSER'S LUNG CURE will eradicate the disease—if neglected it will take more than a dozen.

There is hardly a form of lung disease which DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE will not cure, if used in time. It not only heals the lungs, but it puts the constitution in a healthy condition, and enables it to resist disease. Sold at the Doctor's great medicine store, 167 Liberty street. $1 50 per bottle, or 4 bottles taken at a time, $5.

Dr. Keyser's Medical Office in the rear of his store, 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, from 10, A. M. until 1, P M., and from 3, P. M. until 6.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.—A child died at Pemberton, New Jersey, on Tuesday, whose illness had been attended with strange and apparently inexplicable manifestations. The child was the daughter of a Mr. Williams, and was about four months old when she was taken ill with the croup. She was in a dangerous state for some time, and on Wednesday, the 6th inst., she, to all appearances, expired. A coffin was procured, and a grave was dug in Mount Holly Cemetery. Suddenly, on Friday last, a short time before the funeral was to have taken place, the child coughed, and instantly opened its eyes full of life. The coffin was returned to the undertaker, and hopes were entertained that the child, so strangely spared from burial, would regain its health. On Tuesday, however, she died, and her parents, after waiting for another return to life until there could be no reasonable hope of such an occurrence, interred the body in the grave opened the week before.

MORE than forty years have elapsed since *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* was first invented, during which time hundred of thousands have been benefitted by its use. Probably no article ever became so universally popular with all classes as *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.*

PILLS which contain antimony, quinine and calomel, should be avoided, as severe griping pains would be their only result.—The safest, surest, and best pills are *Parson's Purgative or Anti Bilious Pills.*

Sewing Machine Agents WANTED,

TO SELL THE

"DOMESTIC"

The *Domestic* is not a new machine, but has been sold, in a small way, for some six yrs., during which time the most skilled inventors have labored to simplify and improve, until to-day it is so far ahead of all others as to defy competition.

It has but sixty pieces, counting every part of Machine and stand, while the Howe Machine contains 244. This will give an idea of its simplicity. It will do work, fine and coarse, that no other machine will attempt, from the finest gossamer to FIFTY thicknesses of dressed muslin; it will sew without change of needle, thread or tension. All movable parts are made of hardened steel and burnished bearings.

IT MAKES NO NOISE WHATEVER,

and the proprietors hereby offer

A Reward of One Hundred Dollars for any other Lock Stitch Machine that will run as light.

The shuttle is a cylinder, without a rivet or spring; can be filled by a blind person, and holds one hundred yards of cotton.

We claim it, and can show, a list of fifty points of superiority over any machine in the market.

To experienced agents the most liberal inducements will be offered. Machines consigned and commissions paid in full, in cash, at the end of each month. A handsome wagon, worth $250 00, furnished without charge, and sufficient time given to purchasers to enable the agent to compete with any Company in the State.

R. W. STEADMAN & CO.,

No. 29 Sixth Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

IMPROVED ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE

WITH THE

NEW DRAW FEED,

Has just been received, and is now the BEST FAMILY MACHINE in the market. It makes the

Lock Stitch, is Simple, Noiseless, Easily Operated,

and very effective. We want GOOD SEWING MACHINE AGENTS in all unoccupied territory, to whom we will give the most liberal terms. The *ELLIPTIC* is the EASIEST MACHINE TO SELL in the market.

HOWARD FATON & CO.

General Agents,

17 FIFTH AVENUE,

Feb. 24, 1872.-3m. PITTSBURGH

Agents Wanted

—FOR THE—

FLORENCE

Sewing Machine.

Wherever the FLORENCE Machine has been introduced, it has met with the greatest success. It is the only machine making four different stitches and having the Reversible Feed. The machinery is perfect, and the motions positive. It runs light, and very fast, and sews coarse or fine fabrics. The Hemmer will turn wide or narrow hems, and feils beautifully. All attachments go with the machine.

For information apply to or address

HECKERT & McKAIN,

No. 8 Sixth Street.

March 2, 1872.-3m. PITTSBURGH

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NEW WORK,

OUR CHILDREN:

—OR—

How to Make and Keep Them Healthy,

BY AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, M. D.,

Late Professor in New York Medical College.

It treats of Amusements, Education, Physical Developments, Diseases, Accidents, Marriages, &c., imparting a vast amount of reliable information conducive to the Health, Happiness and Welfare of the Young. Written in a pleasing style, it is exceedingly interesting, as well as instructive.

Every Family should have it, and no Parent can afford to be without it. Send for Circulars giving full particulars.

DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Publisher,

[3-16.] 711 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

THE BICKFORD

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE

The Neatest, the Best, and the Cheapest.

NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.

Knits Everything. Price 25 Dollars.

Persons desirous of purchasing Machines can get circulars and information, and have their Machines sent free of charge on receipt of price, by applying to

JAMES McBRIDE, Ag't for Western Penn'a.

No. 1 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Enterprising Agents wanted in every County, to whom liberal terms will be given. [3-16-1m.

M. WHITMORE, C. H. WOLFF, THOS. H. LANE, CHAS. T. NEALE, JNO. D. CHENEY.

WHITMORE, WOLFF, LANE & CO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

HARDWARE,

Sign of the Anvil, No. 50 Wood St.

(Three doors above St. Charles Hotel.)

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Invite the attention of buyers to their Spring Stock, which, in selection and price, is unsurpassed in the country.

They are Agents for American File Company's celebrated Files and Rasps, Rubber Belting and Packing, Wilson, Hawks, Ellison & Co.'s English Steel, Pittsburgh Steel, Locks, Shovels, &c.

Sold at manufacturers' prices. [2-24.-3m.]

NOW IS THE TIME!

WANTED

Good Reliable Agents

TO SELL THE

NEW UNDER FEED

WILSON

SEWING MACHINE!

in THIS COUNTY. Best Machine in the World. Best Selling Machine in Market. Price, complete, $45.00. Written warrantee for five years. Apply immediately to

SMITH & FORRESTER,

[3-2.-3m.] 14 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa

TO BOOK AGENTS

Mark Twain's New Book.

ROUGHING IT!

Is ready for Canvassers. No book is looked for more impatiently than this, and agents will do well to get territory for it as early as possible. Apply for Circulars and terms to

DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Publisher.

[3-16.] 711 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

PICKERSELL, LYONS & CO.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

LOOKING GLASSES

Fine Mantel and Pier Looking Glasses and Picture Frames a specialty.

3-16. 141 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 3m.

M. B. COCHRAN,

PITTSBURGH, PA.,

Dealer in Iron and Wood Working Machinery and Manufacturers' Supplies, has constantly on hand a complete stock of Smith's Sash and Door Machinery, Judson Governors, Tires and Discs, Emery Wheels, Gearing, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, Belting, Lace Leather, Rubber Belting, Packing, Steam Gauges, Oils, Files, Rasps, Saws, Mandrels, Lathe Chucks, Iron Planers, Drills, Screw Cutting Lathes, Wrenches, Vises, Anvils, Blowers, Pipe Tools, Taps and Dies, Babbitt Metal, Solder, Iron, Steel, Spikes, Nails, Horse Shoes, Horse Shoe Bars, Rivets, Burden's Horse Shoe Machine, Hand Hammers, Sledges, Picks, Shovels, Spades, Scythes, Grain Cradles, Forks, Hoes, Rakes, Axes, Hatchets, Cast Steel, Blacksmiths' Bellows, Anvils, Vises, Tongs, Sledges, Hammers, Coal, Shop Fixtures, Portable Forges, Wagon Boxes, Platform Scales, Counter Scales, Warehouse Trucks, Wheelbarrows, Cutlery, Table Knives, Pocket Knives, Shears, Scissors, Razors, Strops, Butchers' Steels, Carpenters' Tools, Mechanics' Tools, Tinners' Tools, Tinners' Trimmings, Sheet Iron, Sheet Zinc, Sheet Copper, Sheet Brass, Wire, Wire Cloth, Wire Work, Copper Rivets, Burs, Copper Bolts, Nails, Spikes, Tacks, Brads, Sheathing Paper, Roofing Paper, Roofing Felt, Tarred Paper, Asphaltum, Roofing Pitch, Coal Tar, Roofing Cement, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, Fire Sand, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Japans, Dryers, Lamps, Lanterns, Lamp Trimmings, Lamp Wicks, Chimneys, Globes, Shades, Burners, Reflectors, Candlesticks, Lamp Posts, Lamp Irons, Lamp Brackets, Lamp Pendants, Lamp Chains, Lamp Hooks, Lamp Screws, Lamp Nuts, Lamp Washers, Lamp Sockets, Lamp Tubes, Lamp Caps, Lamp Bases, Lamp Collars, Lamp Cocks, Lamp Fixtures, Lamp Glass, Lamp Shades, Lamp Globes, Lamp Burners, Lamp Reflectors, Lamp Candlesticks, Lamp Posts, Lamp Irons, Lamp Brackets, Lamp Pendants, Lamp Chains, Lamp Hooks, Lamp Screws, Lamp Nuts, Lamp Washers, Lamp S

Cambria Freeman,

SATURDAY, : : MARCH 23, 1872

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Raps and Mishaps at and near Home.

—Argument Court convened here yesterday.

—Burgess Berry, who has been somewhat indisposed, is better now.

—The curbstone and corner loafers are about effecting a permanent organization for the summer campaign.

—The Echo tells us that all the stores in Johnstown were closed on St. Patrick's day. Are we to infer that they generally keep open on Sunday?

—We have received another communication from "Anti-Monopolist," but its length and its lateness must be our excuse for holding it over until next week.

—The equinox, after a stormy engagement of several days' duration, has at last thrown up the sponge, and calm serenity and bright sunshine hold sway as we go to press.

—The dwelling houses of Joseph Whitesell, Wm. White and Dorsey Foster, the former of Manor Hill, the two latter of West township, Huntingdon county, were recently destroyed by fire.

—A little son of James Willison, of Southampton township, Bedford county, fell into the forebay at McElfish's mill, several weeks ago, and, before he could be rescued, was drowned.

—The steel works of the Cambria Iron Co. are to be enlarged. We understand that an additional structure 4/0 feet square, adjoining the present building, will be erected. So says the Echo.

—This is the latest conundrum, and it came almost too late to be in season: Why is a lady's muff like a big fool of the he male persuasion? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

—If you want a good pair of boots at a less price than you can buy them anywhere else in town, go to M. L. Oatman's. He has a large stock of the best custom-made work and will warrant every pair.

—A lady named Jones, residing in Hollidaysburg, recently sustained severe injuries by falling down a cellar stairway. She was carrying a lighted coal oil lamp at the time, but fortunately no explosion ensued.

—The reason why M. L. Oatman sells goods, at lower prices than any other merchant in town, as he declares he does, is because he sells for cash. He is the only dealer in Ebensburg who does a strictly cash business.

—Attention is invited to the advertisement of the Champion Washer, a machine that we have heard enough about to convince us that no housewife in the country should do without it. It is really a great success and stands unrivalled.

—No person desiring to buy either town or country property need look far for plenty of chances. Several desirable properties are offered for sale in our advertising columns. The one offered by Mr McKenna we know, at the price he tells us, is wonderfully cheap.

—On the eve of going to press we learn that three passenger cars were wrecked at Conemaugh Furnace, below Johnstown, on Friday morning, caused by a broken rail, and that several persons were injured. No particulars or no certainty as to the truth of the rumor.

—Geo. Baird, a carpenter engaged on the Broad Top R. R., fell off a trestle on Thursday of last week, a distance of forty feet, alighting on his head and shoulders. It was feared his injuries would prove fatal, but he is getting along well, and is considered out of danger.

—The barn of Jacob Fitzhonts, Rayne township, Indiana county, was entirely destroyed by fire on Monday last, about twelve o'clock. The entire contents of the barn were consumed, consisting of grain, hay, farming utensils, &c.; also three head of cattle. Mr. F. and wife were absent from home at the time.

—S. P McCann, who has bought the stand now occupied by R. R. Thomas, expects to have his store fitted up in fine style and full of prime fresh groceries, confectioneries, oysters and such like, by the 5th of April. He intends to keep a first class store, sell cheap and try to please all who favor him with their patronage.

—The property advertised by the Assignee of Jacob Luther, to be sold at Carrolltown on Thursdry, the 28th inst., is among the most valuable properties in Northern Cambria.—Those desiring to make a good and safe investment will, we hope, attend, as they cannot fail to purchase a very valuable property on good terms.

—Mr. Wm. Orr, of Johnstown, whose serious illness was noticed by our correspondent, died at noon on Thursday of last week, aged 66 years, 1 month and 5 days. He was a genial gentleman and an enterprising citizen. His estimable widow, formerly Mrs. McCague of this place, has our earnest sympathies in her great bereavement.

—Altoona has been twice again scourged by the fire fiend. Besides the destruction to a great extent of the Logan House in that city, an account of which is given elsewhere, another hotel, known as the Mechanics' Hotel, was totally consumed or ruined by fire on Tuesday morning last, together with a portion of the furniture. Defective flue.

—Any of our readers who may have occasion to visit Hollidaysburg will do well to call at the clothing store of the late Jacob Fircher, dec'd, as there is no doubt but what they can buy any article of ready made clothing good and as cheap as could be bought in the city at wholesale. There is no deception about this, as the goods must be sold in order to close out business.

—Plowing and sowing, reaping and mowing, will keep all farmers going for the next six months or more; so now while wild winds are blowing, and we hope it's done snowing, is the time to be going to Huntley's mammoth cheap store; where, if tools you are needing, for plowing or seeding, or groceries for your family's feeding, you will find all you want and much more.

—A passenger on the Phila. Express west, on Sunday last, jumped from the train near Anderson while the cars were under full headway, but strange to say he escaped with only a few ugly cuts on the head. He took that method of getting off at his destination, where the train did not stop, but it is thought he has as much of that kind of getting off as will do him the balance of his lifetime.

—It is said that time and tide wait on no man, and we don't pretend to deny the truth of the axiom. Not so, however, with timepieces, for we know to a certainty that there are lots of them of the most desirable makes and qualities, and of all grades, at C. T. Roberts' elegant clock, watch, jewelry, fancy goods, cigar, tobacco, stationery and general variety store, waiting for all persons so inclined to come right along and buy them at lowest cash rates. Go and see if this ain't true to the letter.

—As will be seen by card elsewhere, Dr. M. J. Buck, just home from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, has become associated with Dr. J. J. Oatman, of Carrolltown, in the practice of his profession. Dr. Oatman is one of the best physicians in the State, and we are sure that our young friend Buck will prove an efficient co-laborer. Since there is no avoiding "the ills that flesh is here to," we hope the new firm will prosper exceedingly in the treatment of them.

—We never attended an amateur entertainment which afforded us more pleasure or gave greater satisfaction to all present than the one given by the students of St. Francis' College, Loretto, on Monday evening last, in honor of St. Patrick. The original orations, the singing and the music were very fine, and the characters in "Handy Andy," one and all were remarkably well sustained. Mr. C. Donnelly, as "Handy Andy," elicited the most boisterous and continuous merriment, and we feel sure it would bother a professional comedian to excel him. Our young friend John W. Murray, as "Squire Egan" and in his original prologue, acquitted himself with unsurpassable grace, dignity and talent, and received the deserved encomiums of all who witnessed his efforts. The other performers were equally happy in their several parts, and the entertainment as a whole was more than could have been anticipated even by the actors themselves. We hope the students are alike successful in all studies.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, March 21, 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—Our mutual friend Louis Luckhardt, jeweler, Main street, has received a magnificent safe, worth $550, from Mosler & Bahmann, Cincinnati. It is very large and strong and very suitable for Mr. L.'s purposes, he having an immense stock of the very best jewelry and watches on hand, and to which he is making constant accessions.

Mr. Keim has torn down the old tannery in Kernville, near Stoney Creek, which creates quite a void in that part of town. His reasons for doing so are not apparent, only that it was an old, deserted building, and it is said ghosts were heard and seen there. We do not credit the ghost story, but are inclined to think that certain enboweled spirits with FELINE propensities were wont to meet there at night and indulge in caterwauls or something else that made the queer noises. They worked on the "night turn."

There are burglars about. Mr. Nixdorff, who keeps an oyster saloon here, had eight boxes of cigars stolen from him one night last week. The next night some one tried to break into Schnable's store on Main street. A few nights previous some persons tried to cut a hole through the glass pane in the door of Stevenson's jewelry store. They left a circular cut, made with a diamond, the space being large enough to admit a man's arm. Look out for the rascals!

Cambria county is coming out in the literary line. The legend in your paper and the legend in the Tribune are productions that the authors may well be proud of, and which make us feel ashamed of ourself. You know what envy will do.

From present indications, that WAS a wise ground hog that looked out in February. We opine that if he were caught and trained he could play poker successfully with that learned pig that grunts so hugely on the outside of your last issue.

Look out for another legend. We found a plate the other day with curious hieroglyphics on it, giving a graphic account of a tribe of Indians who inhabited the place known as the "Shawanese Cabins," over five hundred years ago. I would send you a copy, but your type would not print the letters found on the plate. The chief or sachem's name was Saskagowatchakaloosshatchie.

The Tribune says something more about Moore. My opinion is the more you try to condemn a Moore the more you can't do it. For instance, there was Joseph Moore, whose crime was still more apparent than that of the present Moore. But the more is said the more's the pity it is said.

Mineral Point school, taught by Mr. M'Feeters, of Indiana county, closed on last Tuesday evening with an exhibition, which gave great satisfaction. The Johnstown schools will close the 10th, 11th and 12th of April.

We are opposed to any Republican being elected Governor of this State, but if such a calamity is to take place, we want D. J. Morrell to be the infliction. The State couldn't scare up a better looking Governor, and you know that our heart always did lead us to go in for home interests.

The leaves are falling. Last week we noticed the deaths of two of our oldest citizens. We now chronicle the death of Mr. Stuart McClelland, brother to D. W. McClelland, of the Fifth ward, Johnstown. He had a paralytic stroke some months ago, from the effects of which he could not recover. This stroke was followed by two others, and now he is no more. Mr McClelland was a highly respected citizen and his loss is greatly deplored by friends, relatives and our citizens generally.

John D. Hay, Esc. of this place, showed us a letter a few days ago from our mutual friend, Capt. James H. Gageby, of Fort Lyon, Colorado. The Captain had been out with a party on a hunting excursion, and caught fifty buffaloes and a skunk so large that five hundred men could smell it. They took out with them when hunting about ten gallons of "snake tile" catholicon, and when that was all spilled out they couldn't hunt any more. He says when the paymaster comes round he will remember the editor of the Freeman. He also gives your humble correspondent a "puff." Long may his shadow spread a halo of glory around about Fort Lyon and the "Great West," wherever that is.

I was agreeably surprised the other day to meet "ERIONACH" on the streets of Johnstown after an absence of many months. In fact I did not expect to see him so soon, but the Atlantic gales were favorable. We were overjoyed to sue him again on terra firma. What d'ye think, he brought with him a LIVE shamrock, which he displayed conspicuously from his hat, on St. Patrick's day. Long may the light of his brilliant mind illuminate, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

I shall try to write down St. Patrick's day, but I know so little about the RITES of the church, I fear I cannot WRITE IT RIGHT, as John WRIGHT said. However, I will do the best I can, so here goes for

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Last Sunday, the 17th, being the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint, our Irish fellow citizens of this city celebrated the event in a very respectable and becoming manner. The morning looked favorable, but about 10 o'clock it commenced snowing and so continued until about noon. At 1 o'clock it looked as if we were going to have a "big snow," but hail, rain or snow could not dampen or cool the hot blood of the Celt, and at 2 o'clock St. Patrick's and St. Peter's Societies filled to repletion their large Hall on Railroad street. At 2:30 the procession formed into line, and headed by the Johnstown Silver Cornet Band proceeded down to Clinton street, where it was joined by St. Aloysius' Sodality. The elegant band here struck up "Patrick's Day," and the procession took up the march and proceeded down Main street and into Walnut street, from Walnut over the Lincoln bridge into Millville, from Millville over to Cambria city, around Cambria city and across to Minersville, and from Minersville to Johnstown station, where there was a halt to await the arrival of the Rev R C. Christy, who was expected to arrive by the way passenger train west. They had not many minutes to wait when the portly form of the Rev. gentleman emerged from one of the cars. When Father Christy took his seat in the carriage beside the Rev. P. M Garvey, the music again floated on the air, and the processionists escorted the Rev. gentlemen to St. John's church, where soon after vespers were chanted. After vespers the societies marched to their Hall, and after some remarks from the President all dispersed in such an orderly manner as would reflect credit on any body of men. This being the first St Patrick's Day parade we have had here for a number of years, some thought it would be a failure, but we say candidly that it was a complete success in every sense of the word. Along the whole route of march there was not one to be seen in the least "spiritual." Scotland gets jolly on a New Year's day over her Andrew, England celebrates her George, Wales her David, and we our Washington; then why not Ireland celebrate her PATRICK? To be sure, he achieved no brilliant victory on the blood stained battle field, but we believe he gained the greatest victory on record by converting a whole nation from paganism to Christianity without shedding one drop of blood.

At 7.30 the Rev. Father Christy commenced his lecture on "St. Patrick and the Irish people" before a large and intelligent audience. The Rev. speaker traced the great saint from the time he was sold by pirates to Milcho to herd his sheep on the wild hills of Antrim, to his escape back to France and subsequently his return to Ireland as a Bishop, where he commenced his mission before the assembled Princes, Brehons, Bards and Druids in the legislative halls of Tara. He bestowed some well deserved encomiums on the many seats of learning for which Ireland was remarkable during the Middle Ages, when Alfred the Great, King of England, received his education at Clenmacnoise, on the banks of the upper Shannon. Then he depicted in their true colors the savage acts of the ruthless Danes and the no less barbarous tyranny of the hated Saxon, and came along to the time when

"They bribed the flock and bribed the son
To rob the priest and sell the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Along the scent of *wolf* and *friar*."

After tracing in all their cruel phases, the unparalleled tyranny of the Penal Laws, the eloquent lecturer here living, truthful testimony to the valor and daring heroism displayed by the Irish in our late civil war.

The whole lecture, from the prologue to the peroration, was truly eloquent and proved the Rev gentleman to be a master of polished oratory. Our only regret was that such a refined, gifted speaker did not make his able lecture a little longer, for we could have sat and listened to him with pleasure and profit for many hours.

ROB ROY.

MORE OF MOORE.—The following additional particulars, says the Johnstown *Tribune*, in regard to Michael Moore's life was learned from his brother Tom, who is working in a coal bank near South Fork, and who, by the way is a very clever man, of about thirty-seven years of age. Mike was born near Carlow, Queens County, Ireland, about the year 1828. He was next to the oldest of seven children. They lived on a little farm, and the parents were well to do. When Mike was fifteen or sixteen years of age he received his share of the property and, realizing on it, started for America, landing at New York, and afterward making his way to the Summit, in this county, where he commenced digging coal. About 1846 Mike had somebody write to his mother to sell out and come to America, alleging that he was prospering here. His mother did so (his father having died shortly before) and landed at the Summit in 1846 with five children—two having been left at home; the oldest, a young man, and a girl. The five arriving here consisted of three boys and two girls—the boys, Mike and Tom, and a third one, who returned to Ireland immediately after his arrival. While of the girls, one married John Finnagan, and is now living at the Viaduct; the other married John Gallagher, who since died, leaving a widow in Minersville.

Mike was married at South Fork in 1853, to Anna E. Boyle, the supposed victim of the tragedy. The following is the certificate, as found on the books of the Church.

> On the 6th of October, 1853, joined in matrimony Michael Moore and Anna E. Boyle, in the presence of Mary M'Kiernan and Francis Conly. T. MULLIN.

She left some two years after, without having had any children. The particulars of her departure, as stated by Tom, are that the two lived very unhappily, and that Mike frequently beat his wife, and finally, at the time mentioned, after being fearfully beaten, she left him and went to a neighbor's house, by the name of John Diamond, at Summerhill, who secreted her up stairs. Mike followed her, but was not permitted to go up stairs. She then, with an old lady, by the name of Tully went to Wilmore, and bought a ticket for Philadelphia.—Mike and his friends alleging that she took Mike's money, consisting of some $200. Nothing was heard of her but through two or three letters written to the priest in this place, inquiring in regard to Mike, until the recent murder caused a search for fact.

In 1856, Mike went West and remained seven years. Nothing is known of his actions there. In 1863 he returned to near Mineral Point, where, in 1864, he married the widow of a man who, a short time before had fallen off a bridge and was drowned. The following is the certificate of his marriage with the woman with whom he was living at the time of the tragedy:

> On the 1st of February, 1864, Michael Moore, from the Parish of Aries, Queens County, Ireland, and Bridget Connell, from the Parish of Port Arlington, Kings County, Ireland. Bans published. Witnesses, James Finnagan, Mary C. Lynch. P. M. GARVEY.

Tom says Mike was not particularly quarrelsome, but was very sulky, seeming at all times to be brooding over some apparent injury he had received. His first wife was considered virtuous, and the neighbors say was a very lively, kind-hearted girl. The mother of the Moores died some three or four years ago. Mike, after inducing her to come over, never having taken the least care of her, nor in any way administering to her wants.

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE.

On last Saturday, Chief of Police, John T. Harris, went to Tyrone and found the name of M. Moore and wife on a hotel register, and was informed by the proprietor that they had occupied the same room there on Wednesday night preceding the murder, and on Sunday District Attorney Sechler went to Philadelphia, and called at the houses on Dean street. He found a family of very nice people living there. He entered, and showing one of the children the likeness taken out of the trunk mentioned last week, the boy said that that was the likeness of Lizzie, and that he had stolen it. She went by the name of Lizzie Stevenson, and had been keeping house for this family some nine years, until about six weeks before the murder, when, they stated, she went out with a strange man and did not tell where she was going.

It appears that Mike, or somebody else, went for her to Philadelphia, and took her away to some place along the line of the railroad, probably with the idea of getting her out of the way of Tom, his brother, who threatened to bring her on here and convict Mike of bigamy. But the plan was afterwards changed, for the neighbors say that some four weeks before the murder (after Mike had returned from his eastern trip), that he went up to near where the murder was committed, and after his visit parts of staves were found stacked up, as if to dry, while other pieces were put on the top of them to cause the rain to run off, and also that he had, some time previous, bought two bottles of carbon oil at Lilly's station.

If the statements made are true, it is very evident Mike, after taking Anna from the house in Philadelphia, left her some place on the road, and came home and made preparations for the murder.

THE following causes were disposed of in Court last week:

Emergency Bridge Co. vs. John Phillips. Appeal from docket of J. S. Strayer, Esq. Jury find for plaintiff in the sum of $66.

John Thomas vs. George Gates. Summons in Assumpsit. Verdict for plaintiff for $252.29.

Isaac Wike, Ex'r of Mrs. Ann E. Wike, dec'd, vs. James R. Cooper. Summons in Ejectment. Jury find for plaintiff.

Isaac Mayer and Samuel Morgan, trading as Mayer & Morgan vs. Conrad Roehm and John Roehm, trading as C. Roehm & Brother. Alias Summons in Venditioni, No. 49, Dec. Term, '70. Jury return verdict for defendant.

Robert Weir vs. John Harris. Capias in case of False Imprisonment. Jury find for plaintiff in the sum of $5, and defendant to pay costs.

John M'Closkey and Margaret, his wife, and Bridget M'Gowen, vs. Henry Johnson and Ann, his wife, late Ann M'Gowan. Summons in Ejectment for two pieces of land in Gallitzin township. Jury find for plaintiffs.

Garrett Risban vs. Styner & Porter. Summons in Asumpsit. Jury find for plaintiff the sum of $324.49.

L. B. Cobick, for use of Wm. Seibert, vs. John Flanagan. D. S. B. Defendant confesses judgment for $408.96.

Adam Collis vs. Jacob Kline and Mich'l Chardon. Summons—Debt on Gurdian's Bond. Jury find for plaintiff the sum of $818.44.

THE following bill in reference to the meeting of conventions of school directors for the purpose of electing county superintendents, and also fixing the salaries of county superintendents, passed the Senate last Tuesday:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That rooms for the meetings of conventions of school directors, held for the purpose of electing county superintendents, shall be provided by the several boards of county commissioners at the respective county seats, and all such conventions shall assemble upon the call of the state superintendent, issued six weeks previous to the time fixed by law, by circulars sent to all boards of directors.

SEC. 2. That the salary of a county superintendent shall be two dollars for each school under his supervision and one dollar for each square mile in his county. *Provided*, That in no case shall the salary be less than one thousand dollars, excepting in counties with less than one hundred schools, where the salary of county superintendents shall be $800 per annum.

DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION.—*The Logan House Nearly in Ruins—Loss Estimated at from $75,000 to $100,000.—No Insurance—Gallant Conduct of the Firemen.*—The Altoona *Tribune* of Wednesday contains the following: This morning about one o'clock a fire broke out in the second story of the addition recently erected to the Logan House, extending from the northern wing of the hotel proper to Eleventh avenue. The interior of the new portion of the large and handsome building being of a very inflammable nature, caused by the rubbish left therein by the mechanics in charge of its completion, the fire soon spread through the massive structure, enveloping everything in a seething, scorching hell of flame. The alarm was promptly sounded by the night watchmen, to which the firemen quickly responded, but despite their almost superhuman efforts the flames soon communicated with the hotel proper and for a time threatened the destruction of the entire building. It was not until after two hours' terrible labor by the firemen that hopes were entertained of saving any portion of the hotel, when it became apparent that the fire was gotten under control and that it would be confined to that portion of the building extending from Tenth to Eleventh avenues.

* * * * *

The origination of the fire in an unoccupied portion of the building gave the guests of the hotel ample time to gather up their personal effects and remove to a place of safety. Indeed, we believe that no accidents of even a trivial character occurred during the progress of the conflagration. The walls of the northern wing of the hotel are left standing, and it is thought are uninjured to any great extent, while a large portion of the wall of the recent extension made to the building has fallen down.

The loss to the hotel is variously estimated at from $75,000 to $100,000, on which there was no insurance. We could not learn whether there was any insurance on the hotel furniture. The building is the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and is leased by the Keystone Hotel Company, being under the superintendence of Mr. J. D. McClellan.

All honor to Altoona's noble firemen. They were prompt to the rescue, and notwithstanding the bitter cold night, heroically labored in the discharge of their arduous duties. They were to be seen all around and on top of the burning structure, dripping wet and dragging hose on which ice had formed in large quantities. Periling their lives by scaling high ladders, they fought the fiery element inch by inch, now cheered by slight vantage ground and again disheartened with the thought that their efforts would prove fruitless. But in the end indomitable pluck and heroic work conquered the fiery demon, and the hearts of the brave boys were cheered with the thought that their labors were not in vain. For over five hours they tended service the most efficient, and succeeded in checking the flames ere half of the imposing structure was in ruins. They did their work well and deserve the highest praise. As we write, 10 o'clock A. M., they are still at work removing the debris of the burning ruins. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The manager of the hotel, Mr. J. D. McClellan, furnished excellent refreshments for the firemen, for which hospitality he has their hearty thanks, and to which the latter do full justice, as only a number of men could do who had experienced the fearful work of the previous few hours. Again would we ascribe all honor to the Fire Department of Altoona.

We regret to learn that Rev. Dr. Shadrack, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of this city, a guest of the Logan House, and who was absent from the city at the time of the fire, lost his wardrobe and valuable library.

YE BATTLE OF HALLIDAY RUNNE.—A man he keeps a grocery store on the other side of the creek, and the way he slings the groceries out would make Tom Martindale sick.

A woman she lives up Halliday Run, and she bought some goods on trust; and whenever ye grocer wanted his pay, she *didn't* come down with the dust.

The grocer he waited se-ver-e-al days, and the woman she *let* him wait. One night she packed up her traps to vamoose out of the State.

Ye grocer thought his money was gone to the haunts of the ocassic woodbine, when the woman sent her little boy with a "V" for a ball of twine.

Then up rose the gallant grocery man, and to the boy spake he: "My festive youth, the money I'll take—and *keep* it," he said, said he.

He salted the child with a candy stick, and sent him, happy, back; that grocer full soon saw that fierce wom-an a-coming down the track.

He hied him out to meet the old girl—alone and an orphan was he—alack a day for that grocery man! that he ever did business with *she*.

"Now give me back, you wicked man, my good green dollars five; or else prepare for death, for you'll never go back alive."

And then she sassed that grocery man, and she didn't "play fine;" her sermon she closed with a gentle hint that his mother was something canine.

Ye grocery man he wax-ed wroth, and said, "If such was my mother, she was bad, indeed; but, by the holy St. Patrick, I swear that you are another."

Then up rose that terrible fe-mi-n-le, and she smote full sore his head; short, sharp and decisive the battle was, for the grocery-man—he fled.

Fast, fast and far the hosts of war—the pursuer and the pursued—went down the street, till the wretched man entrenched in his grocery stood.

The people all, both great and small, did clap and shout with glee, for the man has got his dollars five, but she "took it out" of he.

Now let us sing, long live the Ring; and the woman, long live she—she. The next time that man is clapper clawed may we all be there to see.

This little episode, though somewhat hysteric, is told very gravely by the Oil City *Derrick*; and may hap it is true, for goods sold on trust are apt quite often to kick up a dust. But true or false, one thing is plain, with ready cash you can stand against the world, and that is reason, as sure as you live, why M. L. Oatman doth great bargains give; for he sells only for cash, and his groceries are prime, and by buying from him you'll save many a dime.

IS BARNUM COMING?—This is how the Greensburg *Democrat* talks about Barnum, and as that gentleman has taken occasion to inform us that there is a strong probability of his mammoth exhibition coming this way before long, our readers will be glad to receive in advance something about a few of the wonderful sights in store for them: P. T. Barnum, the world-renowned showman, is on a big rampage. With his characteristic love of novelties, he has added to his large and interesting collection of "ologies" goat-ology, and cannibal-ology.—That is, he has now a goat which takes the place of a circus-rider and performs all the different feats known to circus equestrianism; and Fiji Island cannibals, or missionary-eaters, who take the place, and fill it to better advantage, of minstrels and actors of that class. He has also a collection of seals, sea-dogs, and sea-lions, for which he organized and sent a fleet of whaling vessels to the North Pacific in 1871.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.—There is no magazine in this or any other country that will compare with BALLOU'S for the variety and interest of its contents. It is one for all seasons and old and young, rich and poor, will find something in its table of contents to please and cheer them. Boys and girls find in BALLOU'S a department that is expressly appropriated for their interest, amusement and instruction; and all who read the Magazine are unanimous in its favor, and call it the most popular of all the serials in the country. It contains historical tales, sea yarns, wonderful adventures, the best poetry, thrilling romances, and some superb illustrations, and yet is sold for the low price of 15 cents per copy, or $1.50 per year; cheap, but good. Try a number and see. Address Thomes & Talbot, 63 Congress Street, Boston, if a copy of it cannot be obtained at the nearest periodical depot.

APPALLING DEATH.—On Friday morning last, says the Lewistown *Democrat*, a lad named Millard Youtzy, aged about 16 years, son of John Youtzy of Bratton township, was killed under the following distressing circumstances. He was employed at a saw-mill, in the mountains, and was riding a mule, with a bag of corn and a tin bucket upon its back. The rattling of the kettle frightened the mule, and it set off on a run. Some men in the road attempted to stop it, when it broke into the wood, running down the mountain pell-mell over rocks, timber, and one tree, and when last seen after the mule took to the wood, but his foot stuck fast in the girth, and he was dragged all the distance, head downward. His head was fearfully battered, and he was of course dead when the mule stopped.

THE March winds blow and the clouds look low, while down comes the snow; but blow high or blow low, to Geis & Reuth you should go, whose store you may know is at 124 Clinton st., Johnstown, where they are humbling out to their crowds of customers rolls upon rolls of beautiful gilt Paper Hangings at such low rates as to astonish even the natives. Housekeepers preparing for the first of April will save money by buying their Wall Papers from Geis & Reuth. They keep also a splendid variety of beautifully bound books, plain and gilt frames and fancy pictures—all of which they will sell at the lowest possible figures. Give them a call.

SLEEP.—People who cannot sleep well at night should take five drops of laudanum, sing Old Hundred, count one hundred sheep crossing a fence one by one, whistle Yankee Doodle one hundred times over—and then go to Harry Mayer and buy a full suit of new ready-made clothing at No. 214 Main street, Johnstown, under the Opera House, and our word for it, they will sleep calmly. Mayer's made-up clothing for men and boys is also a good cure for colds, asthma, catarrh, and consumption, if bought and worn immediately. Try these great remedies.

THE OLD BOY.—It is said that the 'divil' himself has been seen at several places along the Pa. R. R., and we believe it, for ain't they kept devilish busy all the time selling dry goods, dress goods, fancy goods, carpets, table linens, gloves, hosiery, laces, ribbons, etc., at the Mansion House corner, known as Cheap John's (Murphy's) corner, Main and Franklin streets, Johnstown. John J. is a "broth of a boy" at selling cheap and durable goods. He's the "old boy" that knows how to please everybody.

THE ALDINE FOR APRIL.—The feature of this issue is an exquisite design by Victor Nehlig, entitled "Morning Dew." The delicacy of the artist's imagination is fittingly offset by the sympathetic treatment of the engraver and printer. By any known process it would be extremely difficult to rival the effect, and we have no doubt that there are many who would not grudge the year's subscription for this single plate. This is the *frontispiece* promised every quarter. Then we find two other full-page plates—an interior, by Emslie, engraved in a masterly manner by Linton, and a view on the "Hudson at Hyde Park," by Geo. Smillie. Of the smaller cuts "The Little Mother," by John S. Davis, is conspicuous as one of the very best specimens of figure drawing that we have yet seen from an American pencil. Mr. Davis is conscientious in every detail, and lovers of true art will look to his future with great expectations. Pictorially, this number justifies the highest commendations, and indicates a fixity of purpose, on the part of the publishers, that augurs well for American Art. The literary department of the current issue is very well sustained, and we think, for excellence and variety, this is the best number yet issued. Mr. Stoddard will have to exert himself to make another number as good as the present one. The statement of the publishers that the edition is already within a fraction of 50,000 copies per month will be hailed as a vindication of American taste and appreciation. Such an unparalled success, in a publication utterly non-sensational, is a recognition and endorsement of which the youthful publishers (the senior member of the firm has just turned thirty) may well feel proud.—We are glad that our neighborhood is represented among the patrons of *The Aldine*, and would urge the necessity of accordingthe widest circulation to its elevating and refining influences. The subscription price, including a pretty oil-chromo premium, is $5, or it and one copy of our paper one year for $5.50—and the publishers' address is James Sutton & Co., 23 Liberty Street, New York.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.—In the lower shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in this city, is employed an individual, a painter by trade, who has experienced as many changes in this strange life as generally fall to the lot of man, and which we condense for publication. He graduated with high honor at Jefferson College, and subsequently was the building of the first railroads in Illinois and Upper Canada. Six months of his life were spent with the Huron Indians on the Monto Islands, in the Georgian Bay. He has been the editor and proprietor of two weekly papers and the editor of three others—"two of them daily." He was a captain under General Wm. Walker in his last fatal expedition to Nicaragua, on which occasion he was captured with his commander and was tried and condemned to be shot, but subsequently made his escape, and after wandering for three months in the forests, finally succeeded in returning safely to this country.

At the breaking out of the late civil war he was commissioned a Lieutenant Colonel by Secretary of War Cameron and assigned to the staff of Major General McCollum, of the Construction Corps. By this latter officer he was assigned to Gen. Sherman's department, where he gave entire satisfaction both to that officer and the Secretary of War, Stanton. At the close of the rebellion, in settling his accounts with the government for property passing through his hands, he was adjudged a defaulter to the amount of over six hundred thousand dollars, although he steadfastly maintains that he has never wronged the government out of a solitary copper.—*Altoona Trib.*

FACTS WORTH KNOWING!—*Great Reduction of Stock and Prices.*—Being determined to reduce the assortment of the lowest possible point before TAKING STOCK, we have gone over all our goods and MARKED DOWN THE PRICES to figures that are bound to sell them. Many articles have been reduced to cost, and others below cost.

Have a very handsome line of Double and Single Shawls; also, Paisley, Brocho and Thibet Shawls—all of which must be sold, even at a sacrifice.

A large stock of White and colored Blankets, Bradle's and other makes of Barred Flannels, Cassimeres, Dress Goods, Silks, Gloves, Hosiery, Muslins, Calicoes, Furtishing and Millinery Goods, and other merchandize in great variety—all bought this season and now selling at Panic Prices at

GEIS & FOSTER'S
Popular Dry Goods Store, Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metalic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Matrasses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.13.-tf.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious, to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* Parties wishing the prescription will please address

11-11.-1y. REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
264 South Third St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

LEGENDARY.—It is thought that the legend in the last *Tribune* was written by Butler & Alexandiffer, successors to Lapold & Co., No. 212 Main street, Johnstown, the renowned dealers in dry goods and like commodities. If this be true, or even if it ain't true, they deserve to receive all the custom from the territory drained by the Stony Creek, and from all other places, for it is a good legend. They should write another and locate it in Wheatfield township, Indiana county; but in the meantime let them keep on selling cheap and fashionable dry goods, and everybody will patronize them.

ANOTHER MURDER!—S. J. Hess & Bro. murdered high prices last week by selling made-up clothing cheaper than it was ever sold, at their popular Clothing Store, No. 241 Main st., Johnstown. The coroner held an inquest over one suit. Verdict of the jury: "The best clothing this side of Paris or London." His jurisdiction was not contested, being less than ten miles from high prices. Call at S. J. Hess & Brothers and buy a wedding suit, or any other suit or part of a suit. They can suit you or "any other man."

THE BROGUE.—We heard an Irishman talking Dutch with the brogue, the other day, in J. Cohen's Cheap Hat Parlor Store, No. 227 Main street, Johnstown. His tongue trilled the German beautifully, putting us in mind of General Scott's Irish brogue and sweet German accent combined. He also sold him a hat—for and a hundred more hats and caps the same day. He likewise took a set of furs along for his frow. When does a big business, and the reason why he does it is that he sells so cheap.

SHEMUS O'BRIEN.—Again has the ghost of Shemus appeared on the outside of your last paper. Jas. J. Murphy wants all the people he can get to tie up ready-made clothing, which he sells so rapidly at No. 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. He will also purchase the "Fairy Queen" for the same purpose, as his sales of men's and boys' clothing are now immense, and daily increasing. All kinds of gent's furnishing goods at Murphy's Star Hall.

I was getting gray and didn't like it. NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE restored the color of my hair, cleansed my scalp, and pleased me wonderfully. Nothing like it in the world, nor ever will be. Lemmon & Murray sell it. See advertisement.

OBITUARY.

CHRISTY.—Died, in Loretto, on Thursday last, Walter Richard, son of M. D. and Emma Christy, of Parker's Landing, Pa., and nephew of Rev. R. C. Christy, of this place, aged about 6 years.

The dear little fellow was one of Mount Gallitzin's pupils, and was on a brief visit to his grandmother when stricken down and called home to assist in reality the character (that of an angel) which he personated so pleasingly in tableaux presented in this place on the eve of Epiphany. We saw him on Monday night, full of buoyant life and childish glee, and can scarcely realize the fact that he is now with the angelic hosts that constantly surround the bright throne of the Most High. He was one of the most endearing of children, and we can well conceive that his sudden death, away from home and without the loving presence of his dear parents, has created a deeply distressing void in the family circle. We believe his disease was croup.

J. J. OATMAN, M. D. ..... M. J. BUCK, M. D.

OATMAN & BUCK,
Physicians and Surgeons.
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made either at the residence of Dr. Oatman or at John Buck's residence.
March 23, 1872.-tf.

FOR SALE—A FARM OF 114 ACRES—3 miles from St. Augustine and 11 miles from Altoona—14 Acres of which are cleared, the balance being covered with good oak and spruce timber. The improvements are a first rate Plank House containing four rooms and a very large Log Barn. *Terms easy.* For further information inquire of PATRICK MADDEN, near the premises, or address
CHARLES MCKENNA,
March 23, 1872.-tf. Mansfield Valley, Pa.

NOTICE.—The annual election of a Board of Trustees of the Ebensburg Academy will be held at the Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, on the 1st day of April next, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock, P. M.
JNO. E. SCANLAN, Secretary.
Ebensburg, March 16, 1872.-3t.

A. W. Erwin & Co.,
172 and 174 Federal St.
ALLEGHENY, PA.

Respectfully announce to their numerous customers, and buyers of Dry Goods generally, that they are now receiving, and are daily opening, their usual large and elegant assortment of Spring Goods; and that their capacious salesrooms are now filled with all the choicest novelties of the season, embracing many new styles and fabrics never before offered in this market. Special attention is requested to the stock of Black Alpacas, Silks, medium and low priced Dress Goods, Housekeeping Goods, and Shawls.

Having the handsomest and best lighted Store Room in the two cities, and keeping nothing but the best makes of goods, and guaranteeing our prices to be as low as the lowest, we are satisfied that we can make it to the interest of purchasers to look through our stock before making their spring purchases. To close buyers at wholesale, we can offer some special inducements; we carry one of the largest stocks of goods in this market, comprising many things in Shawls and medium priced Dress Goods, not kept in regular wholesale houses. We guarantee our prices as low as any New York or Philadelphia quotations, and only ask an examination to convince buyers that we can do them good.

A. W. ERWIN & CO.
172 & 174 Federal St., Allegheny City.

THE WOR

The Strange Story of Martin Guerre.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Martin Guerre, a young Biscayan, married Berthande de Rols, a girl of Artigues, as distinguished for good sense as for beauty. The newly-united pair were in comfortable circumstances, being in rank above the peasant class. They were a harmonious couple, the only drawback being that they had no children for several years. In the tenth year, however, a son was born, whom they named Sanzi. Not long afterward Martin quarreled with his father about some corn, and the dispute became so bitter that he concluded to go away for a time until the paternal anger should cool. He did not expect to be absent long, but eight years passed away before he was heard of, his wife enduring his absence with exemplary patience.

At the expiration of the above mentioned period, a person appeared who claimed to be Martin Guerre, and was recognized as such by his wife, her relatives, and by the people generally. His protracted desertion of his family was forgiven and forgotten, and everything went on harmoniously for three years, during which time two children were born to Berthande, one of them, however, dying soon after its birth. The so-called Martin managed his affairs energetically, selling land and doing other things which fell in his way.

After a while, for reasons that are not fully set forth, Peter Guerre, an uncle of Martin, became satisfied that the man was not Martin. Other residents of the vicinity came to the same conclusion, and at length found ground for convincing Berthande that she had been shamefully imposed upon. The so-called Martin was arrested and taken before the provincial judge. He denounced his accusers as wicked conspirators, saying that Peter Guerre had fabricated the charge to get possession of his property, and had drawn in Berthande through the weakness of her understanding. He gave a clear and circumstantial account of the reasons which led him to go away and prolong his absence. He asserted that he had been in the French and Spanish armies during the period, and showed that, notwithstanding the changes that increased age and exposure to the weather had made in his appearance, he was at once recognized by his wife, by Peter, and other people who had known him. He related minutely the circumstances of the marriage of Martin Guerre, described his father-in-law, mother-in-law, and the guests at the nuptials, and narrated other incidents in his life.

Berthande, being called to the stand, corroborated everything to which he had testified. She mentioned one circumstance that had happened to Martin of which the witness had made no mention. This was his supposed suffering from witchcraft. The accused, being questioned, made replies which agreed exactly with the woman's statements. And thus apparently demonstrated his identity with Martin. He therefore demanded that she should be tried for perjury. An investigation, however, showed that she was thoroughly an honest woman.

Nearly one hundred and fifty witnesses were called to give evidence in regard to the respondent's identity. Of these nearly forty swore that they had known Martin Guerre from infancy, and were sure that the prisoner was Martin. They appealed also to certain scars and marks on his person as proof of the correctness of their judgment. On the other hand, there were a great many witnesses equally confident that the person before them was Arnaud Du Tihl, also called Pansette. Sixty remaining witnesses, who had known both Guerre and Du Tihl, said they looked so much alike that it was impossible to determine which was which. The judges decided that the prisoner was Du Tihl, and sentenced him to death by decapitation. From this the condemned appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse.

On the second trial the parties were confronted in open court. The accused maintained so steady a face, spoke with so much assurance and made answers so apparently truthful, that the members of the tribunal were much inclined in his favor, and equally prejudiced against his accusers. Thirty new witnesses were examined, nine or ten of whom believed that the defendant was Martin Guerre; seven or eight were positive that he was Arnaud Du Tilh, and the remainder declared that they could not decide. The parliament was in much trouble. It did not wish, by concurring with the judge, to condemn a man who might be innocent, neither did it feel justified in acquitting a possibly atrocious criminal. Nothing remained but to sift the evidence more carefully.

It appeared that forty-five witnesses had clearly identified the prisoner as Du Tilh.—Among them was his mother's brother. Most of these persons said that Guerre was a little taller than the prisoner and darker in complexion; had slightly crooked legs, round shoulders, a turned-up chin, a large and flat nose, and two scars on his face. The prisoner, on the contrary, was well proportioned, and had large and straight legs, and a chin and nose differing from those of Guerre. He had, however, the two scars on his face. A shoemaker who had been employed by Guerre testified that his foot extended to the twelfth mark on the rule, while that of the accused reached no farther than the ninth. Another man swore that while Guerre was an expert wrestler, the prisoner knew nothing about the art. Three persons deposed to direct and indirect acknowledgments on the part of the respondent that he was Du Tilh. There was also heresay evidence to the effect that Guerre was still alive in Flanders, and that he had a wooden leg. It was remarked by some that Guerre, being a Biscayan, had the accent of his province, whereas the accused could not speak the Basque, but took pains to mingle a few words which he had learned of it with his French, repeating them in a markedly affected tone. There was no end of testimony to the wicked character of Du Tilh.

If these charges seemed strong, the opposing evidence was not less formidable. Four sisters of Martin Guerre, who were brought up with him and were persons of good reputation, were sure that the prisoner was their brother. Two of their husbands also recognized him. Several of the guests at Martin's wedding, and who had seen warts and other marks on Martin, which the accused likewise had, were equally decided in their identification. Evidence was introduced rendering the existence of a conspiracy against the alleged Martin extremely probable. The parliament began to waver, and the reversal of the sentence of the lower tribunal would have followed, but a circumstance occurred which put an end to all doubt. No less a personage than the genuine Martin came into court! He had a wooden leg, as rumor had affirmed, and said he came from Spain. He gave a distinct account of the imposter who had assumed his name, and demanded that his claims should be heard.

The false Martin was not at all abashed. He denounced the new comer as the hired tool of Peter Guerre, and cross-questioned him fiercely. Martin, being frightened, answered rather faintly, but his interrogator being removed and his composure restored, gave a clear and obviously truthful account of himself. The two claimants were next placed side by side and submitted to the examination of Martin Guerre's relatives. The sisters at once acknowledged their former [illegible] and Berthande recognized the principle as her husband. Du Tilh was then condemned "to make an *amende honorable* in the market place of Artigues, in his shirt, his head and feet being bare, a halter about his neck, and holding in his hand a lighted torch; to ask pardon of God, the king, and of Martin and his wife, to walk through the streets with a rope around his neck, and finally to be hanged and strangled, and his body to be burned."

He was carried back to Artigues, where the judge who condemned him examined him. He then made a long confession. He had known Guerre in the army, and had many conversations with him. On his return from camp he was mistaken by some of Martin's friends for Martin himself. This suggested to him the plan which he afterwards carried out. He crammed himself with facts in Martin's history, and went to Artigues to enact one of the most successful cheats ever known. He was executed according to sentence, and died with apparent penitence.

Were it not for the culprit's acknowledgment of his guilt we should regard it as perhaps an open question whether the one or two-legged Martin was the genuine husband of Berthande. If she pronounced two judgments she was as likely to be mistaken in the second as the first, while the radical change of mind on the part of other witnesses renders their infallibility equally suspicious. The lesson of the whole story is that it requires a wise son to know his own father; wisdom is also essential to other recognitions of relationship.

The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of; but they do not sing—they fiddle. By rubbing wings and legs together—each in a manner peculiar to the species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best instrumental performer is the "katy-did." Each wing contains a little tambourine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings these are rubbed against each other, and produce the sound of "katy-did she-did," which can be heard at a long distance, and gives the insect its name.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

Dr. Crock's WINE or TAR Established 1862.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures—merits a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and vainly seeking relief. Will your prejudice prevent you from being cured also?

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all.
Asthma.—The relief and cure of it are marvelous.
Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure.
Throat ailments require only a few doses.
Lung Diseases.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable.
Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.
Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ.
Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it.
Appetizer.—It is health-giving and appetite restoring.
Urinary Organs.—Action on them is marked and prompt.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores exhausted strength, cleanses the stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will send your testimony to its great value in correcting any ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Scald Head, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root. It is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists. Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Davies. 8.

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.

Aug 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,

Altoona, Pa.,

Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills.

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of **Consumption**, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing **Coughs**, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome **Influenza** and painful **Bronchitis**, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

LOWELL, MASS.

NATURE'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE

TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT.—Desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Daedruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTER BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-1y.]

T. D. CASEY, late of Robert Woods & Co.
JAMES CASEY..... T. C. FOGARTY.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,

AND ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC LIQUORS,

AND IMPORTERS OF

Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,

No. 315 Liberty Street,

Dec. 16, 1871.-3m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.

A STREET CAR INCIDENT.—Augustus stepped upon the car that rolled along the street, last evening, in the dim light, and gently took his seat. There was a lady in the car whose face was bright and fair, and eyes that glanced at our Gus, and he returned the stare. The hour was late, no passengers were in the car but these. The lady passed her ticket up, Gus took it, "if you please," and dropped it into the box, but not till he had pressed in gentle warmth the little hand in purple rat skin dressed. The car rolled on, Gus smole a smile, and slid along the seat, uncushioned and as cold as ice—it might have been red hot, so far as Gus's thoughts were en't, for his heart was in a flame, and by the gods of love, we own, Gus wasn't much to blame. Some loving words were spoken low, so low none else could hear, the twining arms none else could see for there were none else near, except the driver, and what odds did the business make to him, since the fares were paid and the passengers were doing nothing *crim.* The car rolled on, then stopped all at once, and bang went the back door. In sprang the driver with one bound and an awful oath he swore, and collared Augustis, dragged him out, and kicked him off the car. While the sounds of the scuffling filled the night, as the sounds of a midnight war. "Why," gasped Augustus, "my fare is paid; this beats me, upon my life." "Let me ketch you again," the driver roared, "a foolin' with my wife."

A LOCK OF WASHINGTON'S HAIR.—Gen. J. H. Hobart, of this place, is in possession of a precious relic, which he exhibited to us on Saturday last. It is a lock of Gen. Washington's hair, cut from the head of the "Father of his Country" when he was forty years of age. The hair is a golden brown curl, and although it was clipped from the head upon which it grew one hundred years ago, it is still unfaded, and looks as fresh as ever. The paper in which it is preserved is labelled—"Presented by Mrs. E. Lewis to Wm. Ramsey," and we learn from Mr. Hobart that Wm. Ramsey, who was a relative of his family presented it to the late Mrs. Nathaniel P. Hobart, in whose possession it had been many years. Mrs. Hobart resided in Alexandria, Virginia, when a little girl and recollected Washington and his family very well. The lock of hair came to Mrs. Lewis from the Custis family, by whom its genuineness had been vouched for. Now that Washington has been dead nearly three-quarters of a century, and his remains have long since mouldered away in the tomb at Mount Vernon, any memento of the great, and good, and wise hero and statesman, must of course be precious in the eyes of any person who reveres his memory. And it is thus that our patriotic friend Gen. Hobart values this little lock of hair.—*Pottstown Ledger.*

THE "Comic Grammar" says:

Remember, though box
In the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox
Should be oxen, and not "oxes."

To which some one adds:

And remember, though fleece,
In the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose
Isn't "gooses" nor "geeses."

Another:

And remember, though house
In the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse
Should be mice, and not "mouses."

Another:

All of which goes to prove
That grammar a farce is,
For where is the plural
Of rum and molasses.

Another:

The plural, we say,
Of rum, don't us trouble;
Take one glass too much,
And you're sure to see double.

SLEEPING TOGETHER.—The Laws of Life says: "More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between school girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes, through which their nervous systems go, by lodging together night after night, under the same bed-clothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminate in nervous force like lying all night in bed with another person who is almost absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest, while the eliminator will be tossing and tumbling, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and one will lose. This is the law, and in married life it is defied almost universally."

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS

FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. A. Shoemaker & Co., and having purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY,

we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store constantly stocked with a full and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of like character in the county; and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

and make no bad debts, we feel sure that our stock and our prices will not only secure but retain for us a liberal share of patronage.

EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL

are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render entire satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, it will certainly be no fault of the new firm at the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.

MYERS & LLOYD.

Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

PIANOS, $300. ORGANS, $45.

No one should be without **Piano** or **Organ**, when, by saving **$3** or **$5** per week, you can buy such instruments as *Decker & Barnes'* unrivaled Pianos, *Hallet, Davis & Co.'s* and *Bradford & Co.'s* Pianos, and the unequaled *Taylor & Farley Celestes Organs.* Old instruments taken in part payment for new ones. *Monthly payments taken.* Special rates to *Preachers, Churches, S. Schools* and *Teachers.* Send for circular or call on S. HAMILTON & CO., 81 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

1872. WINTER. 1872.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE,

EITHER AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of

Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

ENAMELLED AND PLAIN

SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c,

COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES.

NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to

jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,

at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

TO CASH CUSTOMERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shoe Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb, 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HEATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Caroline Street,

ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

BOYISH MISERIES.

Speaking and Recitation Day.

What a stillness prevails in the old school room when the "master" announces before dismissing school that "on next Friday afternoon there will be no recitations, but after hearing the reading lessons every young lady will read an original composition, and every young man will commit to memory a piece of poetry or prose, which he will speak from his stand, and those who fail to do either will be punished."

How the perspiration started on the brows of the timid ones as the solemn speech was made. Even the boy who had put his mittens on, under the desk, and placed one foot out in the aisle, ready to "go" at the words "school is dismissed," pulled off his mittens and began searching for a book to take home "to learn something out of," and whispered profanity, such as "darn it," "confound the thing," etc., came up from behind the desks—and all felt as if there was to be an eclipse and no glass smoked, except the one smart chap who would "rather speak than not," and the girls who had big sisters at boarding school, whose previous literary efforts at home afforded rare chances for plagiarism, which by a little help would deceive the teacher.

At last the anxiously-awaited day arrives, the forenoon is passed in the usual manner, but at noon there is a decided change made in the appearance of the scholars and school-room. The "big girls" are "dressed up" for the occasion. Their gowns are of finer texture than those worn during the week; some are adorned with their mother's "breast pin" and a pair of "prize" earrings; white stockings take the place of the "literary blue" or black ones, which would not look so well on the platform (for there were no dresses *en train* in those days); nearly all wore "beau-catchers" plastered on the side of their foreheads, and charcoal from the fire-place had been used as a dentifrice during the intermission between fore and afternoon.

The little bare-footed girls appeared in bright, copper toed shoes and tape embroidered pantalettes of the nankeen style. With the boys there was also an attempt at improved toilette; boots had been greased, paper collars turned and a portion of their "Sunday-go-to meetin' clothes" donned for the occasion. Shocky heads of hair had been combed into partial subjection, and the boy with chapped hands had soaked his hands in bran and water until portions of the original cuticle were visible. The "doctor's son" exhaled a powerful aroma, of all his father's flavoring essences, and the "tavern keeper's boy," had anointed his head with "Jamaica," as a substitute for "Bay Rum." The "master," to maintain a dignity equal to the occasion, had also exchanged his everyday coat for a "swing-tail" of fabulous length and shiny in spots as a duck's wing. The bell rings—reading lessons are heard—books put away, the speaking platform cleared for work and the show opens.

"Samuel Snubnose!" calls the teacher—and "Samuel," with a parting glance at his books, stumbles along toward the stand, where he becomes the target of a hundred eyes, and his face the color of a turkey gobbler's wattles. A bow, such as he would have made if a brick had struck him at the instant in the back of the head, and he essays to speak:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing (pause) herds wind slowly o'er the lea.
The—the—(prompter). "plowman"—plowman leaves the weary way
And plods to worldness and to me.
Save from the yonder ivy mantled tower
The moping moon doth to the owl complain (snickering)
Save (to he he he) where the beetle wheels his best right bower
And drowsy tinklings lull her distant reign."

The teacher raps on the desk and says: "Samuel, no levity," and Samuel, who has forgotten pretty much all his "elegy," concludes as follows:

"Here rests his (ha ha) head (snort) upon the lap (yeath
A youth to (prolonged snicker) unknown.
Melancholy marked him at his —— birth,
And science frowned on him for heaven."

Sam goes to his seat and holds his nose to keep from laughing out loud, while at a nod from the master "Lucinda Wirth" trips, all smiles and blushes, to the platform, and after "kurtseying" proceeds to read in an inaudible voice something about "Be kind to thy father." The teacher says "Louder," and we catch a few words: "Your father loves you and has been at a great deal of expense a bringing you up, so you should obey him and not ——," there ensues a jumble of sounds which no one can interpret, which cease, and after folding the composition, "Lucinda," lays it on the teacher's table for inspection, 'kurtseys" and goes to her seat. "George Francis Sprain," says the teacher, and a spruce looking chap, whose hair is goose-oiled into curliness, steps boldly to the front.

George likes this business—he is going to make a lawyer—and in a thrill voice he commences: "Not many generations where you now sit encircled by all that embellishes civilized life, the wild fox nodded in the wind, and the thistles dug his hole unscared"—and so he goes on, transposing his sentences occasionally, but mainly right, and with a firm voice to the end. We have seen George since he arrived at man's estate; he now stands in the Police Court and defends "drunks" for fifty cents a case, win or lose, and has acquired such a reputation that a judge always comes down harder on his client than on any others.

Miss Elizabeth Brandreth steps forward and in a Susan B. Anthony style reads a bifalutin' description of country life—how "in the spring, when meadow larks are warbling, and geese squawking, she loves to go out into the fields and cull butter-cups and see the little lambkins gamboling on the green grassy banks (green faro banks, her brother said she meant), and then return back to home again once more and help her mother stuff sausages, for if we are not kind to our parents the sassenger meat will spile," and really we have forgotten the rest of Elizabeth's composition.

Then "Charles Bashful," starts for the stand, accelerated in his motion by a pin-thrust, as he left the seat. He bows, and seeing a boy making faces, commences to snicker, until the teacher comes up by his side and raps his head with the ferule; this causes more mirth, then more raps, until he forgets his piece and is locked up in the wood box in disgrace.

The minister's son, "Melville Winterblossom," is then called to show the scholars how a good boy should speak. Melville looks as sour as a vinegar jug; his "piece" has been selected by his parents principally for its moral tone; he says:

"I do most earnestly wish that I could induce all youthful individuals to invest religion of its gloomy and repulsive associations; but, my lords, I ask no respite from death; I am ready to die for my country, and sink or swim, revive and perish, I am for the Union, one and inseparable. My Lord, were I an American as I am an Englishman"—here the teacher, who had been trying to find the original of the orater's remarks, stops the medley and Melville takes his seat. He had been crammed with so many pieces, that he had not been able to distinguish between them, and thus defeated his parents' aims. But why continue this Lamb" very nicely, and the "good little boy" spoke his anti-tobacco piece as follows:

"I'll never chew tobacco—no
Said little Robbert Read;
I'll never put it in my mouth,
It is a filthy weed."

By the way, we saw this good boy a few days ago; he now chews plug tobacco like a horse, and smokes a clay-pipe night and day. But it would be such a consolation to us now to know what has become of the rest of that tribe of district-school orators, who "spoke their pieces" nearly a score of years ago.

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